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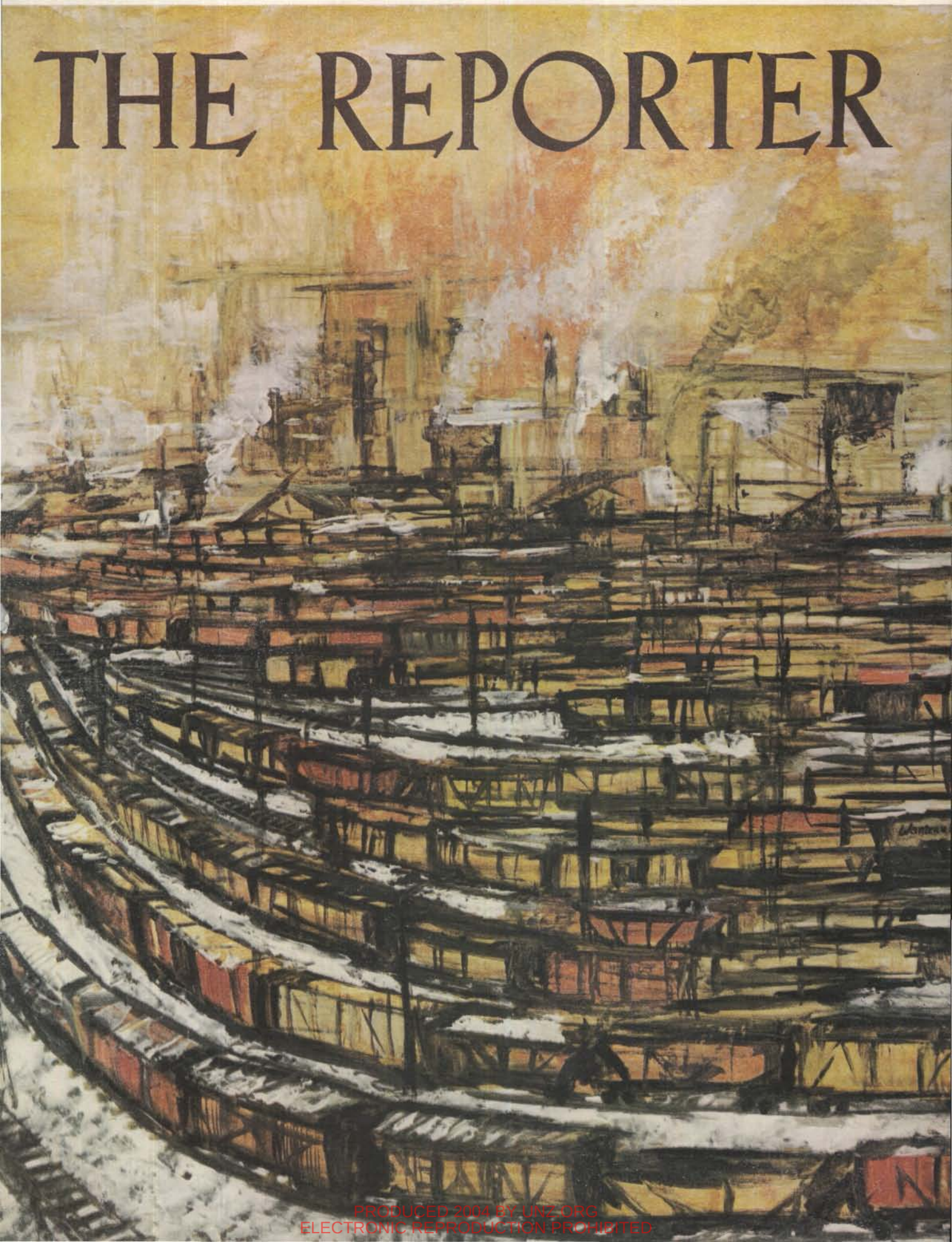

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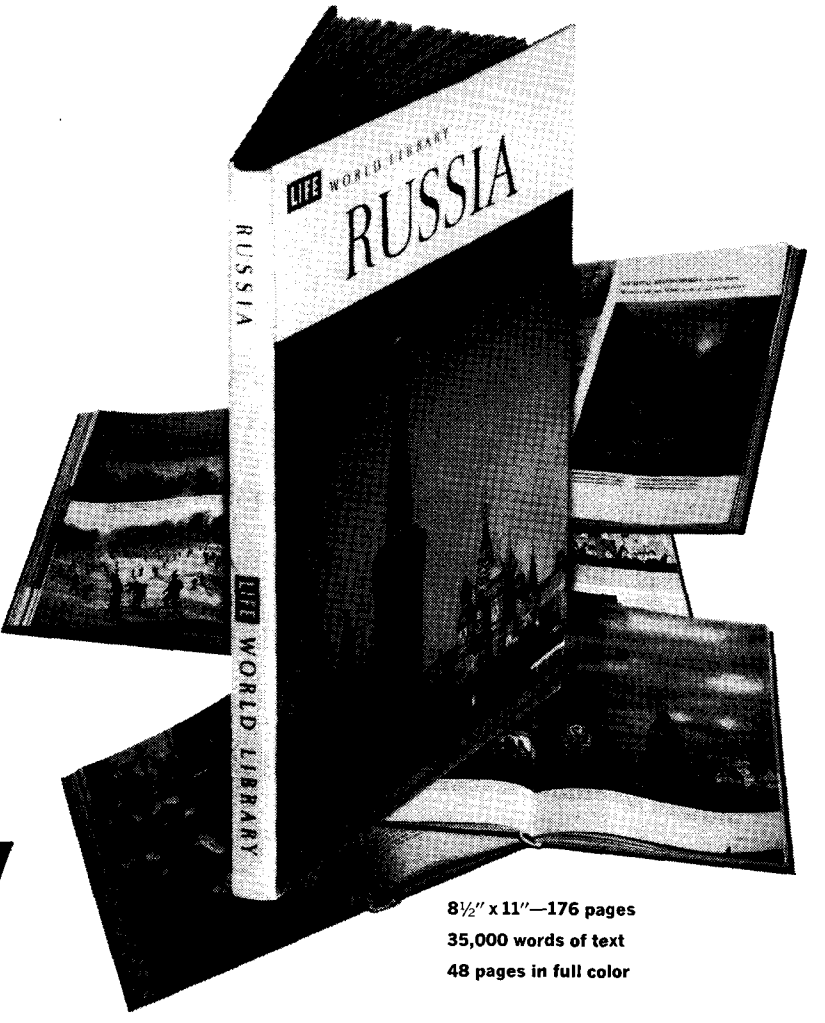

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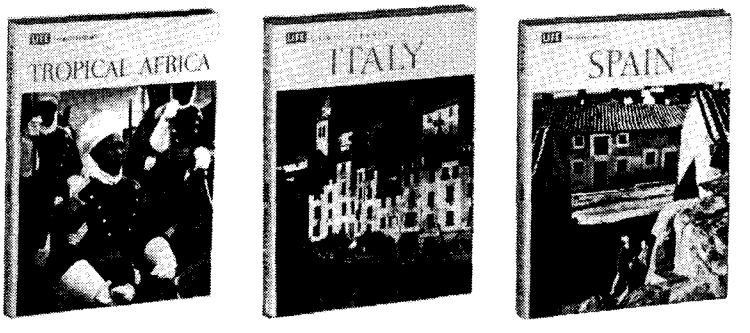

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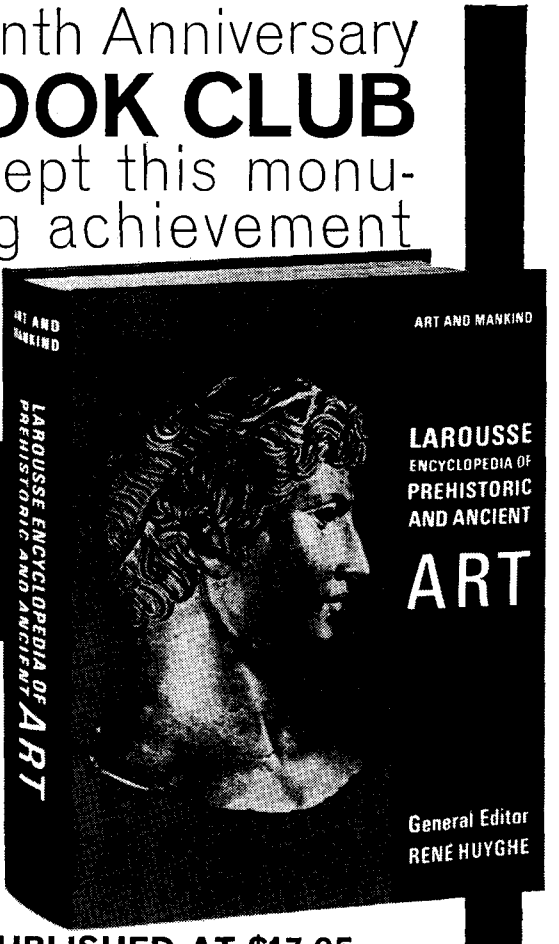

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VOLUME 28, NO. 6 **MARCH 14, 1963**

THE REPORTER'S NOTES 16

Labor Drifts Toward the Brink

LIFE WITHOUT THE 'TIMES'—AN EDITORIAL . . . . . *Max Ascoli* 22

WHO WILL MEDIATE THE MEDIATORS? . . . . . *Edward J. Silberfarb* 23

THE RHETORIC OF WALTER REUTHER . . . . . *Stanley Levey* 26

AUTOMATION AND THE NEWS STRIKE . . . . . *Richard Severo* 29

At Home & Abroad

SCHOOL AID: CAN DEAN KEPPEL CALL THE CLASS TO ORDER? . . . . . *Mel Elfin* 32

THE ILLITERATE POETS OF SOMALIA . . . . . *Jeanne Contini* 36

CASTRO AND KHRUSHCHEV: THE TIES THAT BIND . . . . . *Panatela* 38

THE FREEZE . . . . . *Noel Mostert* 39

Views & Reviews

WINTER FLIGHT, BLIND COMPANION (VERSE) . . . . . *Marya Mannes* 41

'AS FLIES TO WANTON BOYS' . . . . . *Tom F. Driver* 44

Books:

A BOOK FOR ONE READER . . . . . *Austin Ranney* 48

HALF MAN, HALF BEAST . . . . . *George Steiner* 52

DRUMS ALONG THE VISTULA . . . . . *Fred Grunfeld* 54

THE REPORTER PUZZLE 51

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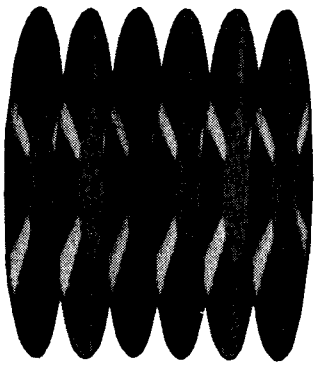

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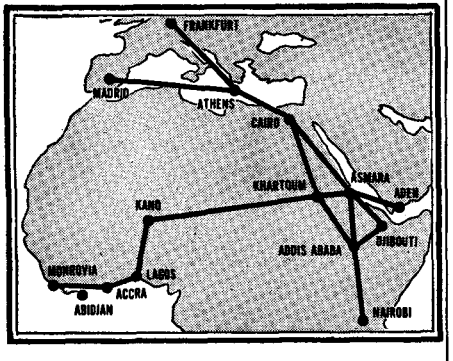

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THE PRESIDENT put it this way at his February 21 news conference: "The essence of free collective bargaining in this country is a sense of responsibility and restraint by both sides, not merely an effort by one side or the other to break those who sit across the bargaining table from them." The institutions of collective bargaining between management and labor in this country would seem to be in a desperate state—age has not mellowed them to maturity, power has not been tempered by an awareness of the dangers of mutual annihilation, and on several occasions the preservation of our free economy has seemed to demand an abridgment of the economic freedom to strike for higher wages and better working conditions. In the recent dock strike and now, most dramatically, in the New York newspaper strike, we have come very close to the brink of compulsory arbitration. In his editorial, **Max Ascoli** looks over that brink and calls for a clearer understanding of what is at stake in the newspaper strike. Three studies of some of the causes and effects of the current disorder in the House of Labor are contributed by three New York newspapermen, skilled practitioners of their trade who happen to have a little extra time for outside writing these days. **Edward J. Silberfarb** and **Richard Severo** are on the staff of the New York *Herald Tribune;* **Stanley Levey** covers labor for the New York *Times.*

IN ITS proposed form, the President's education bill would cost more than $5 billion. The prospects for the whole bill's success in Congress may not be bright, but, as **Mel Elfin** reports, Francis Keppel, the Commissioner of Education, has unusual qualifications for bringing some order into the present chaotic state of Federal aid to education. Mr. Elfin is on the staff of *Newsweek.* . . . **Jeanne Contini,** an American free-lancer, writes from Mogadiscio, where the leaders of the new Somali Republic are engaged, amid all their other problems, in an attempt to create an alphabet for their language so that its literature can be written down before the death of those who know it by heart. . . . The grievous state of the Cuban economy is dramatized by the recent addition of clothing to the list of rationed goods. Our report from Havana on the Soviet attempt to prop up Castro's régime is written under a pseudonym. . . . **Noel Mostert,** a South African by origin but a North American in recent experience, has been living this winter in London, where he has attempted to adjust himself to arctic conditions, lack of water, and British attitudes about de Gaulle, class warfare, and exterior water pipes.

Marya Mannes recently flew out to San Franciso to take part in a symposium on the subject of women, held at the University of California Medical School. Whatever effect her appeal for a redefinition of femininity may have on the position of women in our society, the trip itself furnished the material for the long poem we publish in this issue. . . . **Tom F. Driver** suggests that Shakespeare's *King Lear* may have been the precursor of today's fashionable "theatre of the absurd." His speculations were inspired by Peter Brook's Royal Shakespeare Theatre production of the tragedy. Mr. Driver is the author of *The Sense of History in Greek and Shakespearean Drama* (Columbia). . . . Is it possible to impose unity and discipline on our two great political parties? The question has been raised once again by James MacGregor Burns in his latest book. **Austin Ranney,** who reviews *The Deadlock of Democracy,* is a professor of political science at the University of Wisconsin and the author of several studies of political parties and voting behavior, including *The Governing of Men* (Holt). . . . **George Steiner,** a regular contributor, is the author of *Tolstoy or Dostoevsky* and *The Death of Tragedy* (Knopf). . . . From Mallorca **Fred Grunfeld** sends in his review of a widely discussed German novel.

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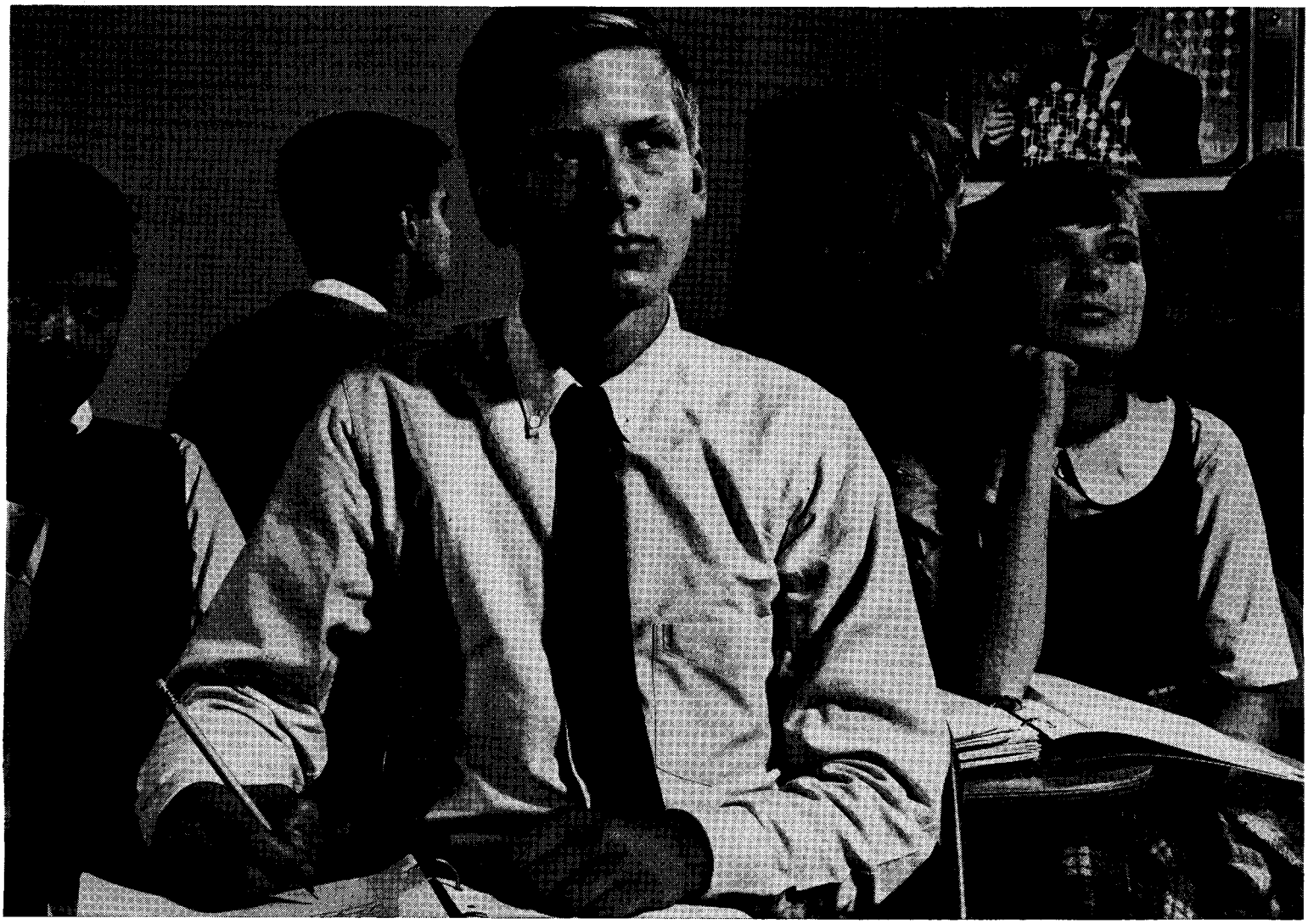

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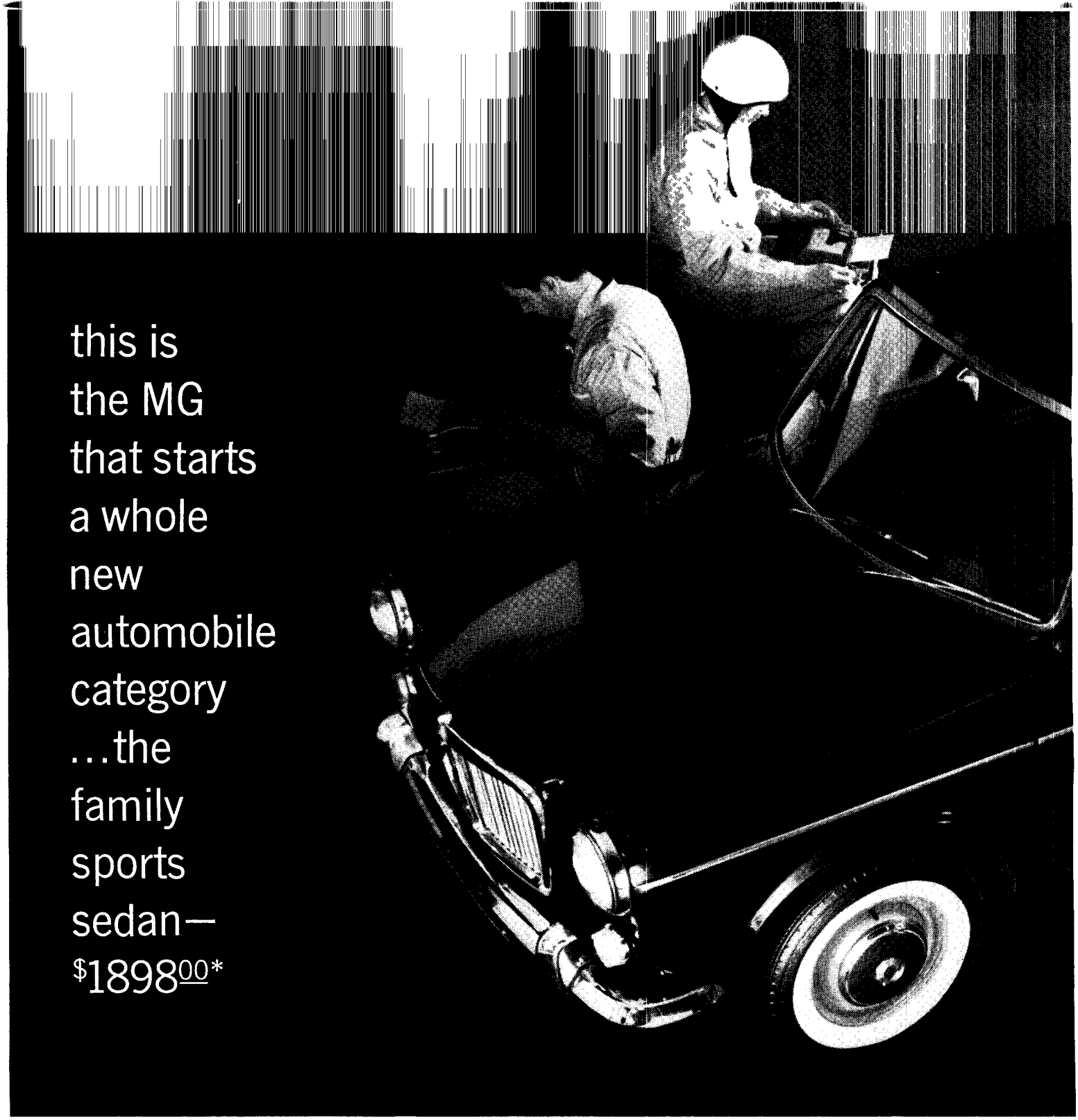

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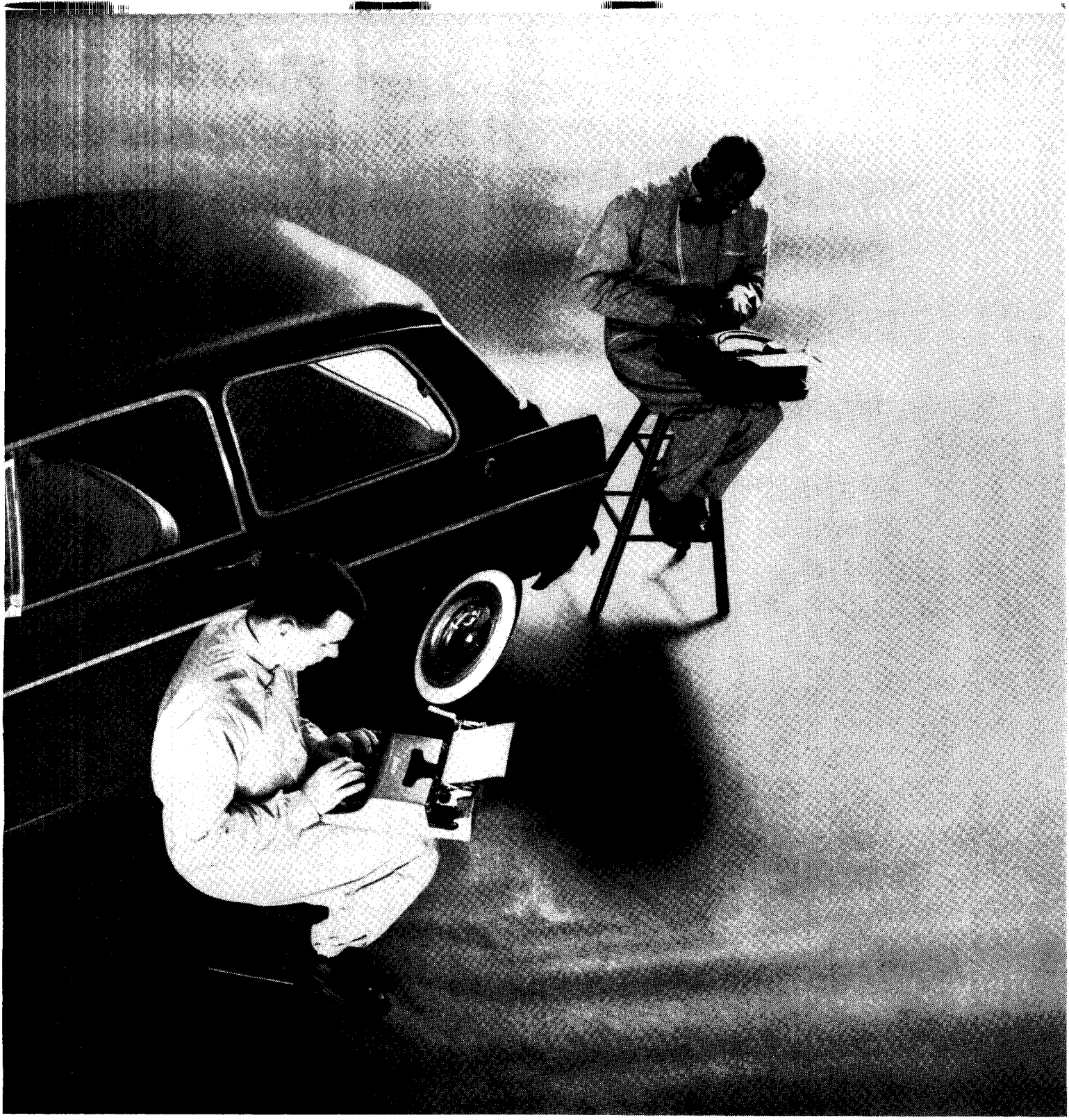

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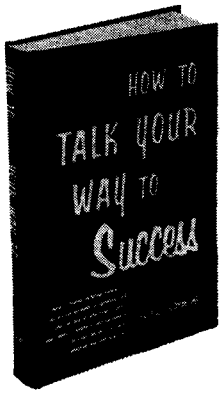

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CORRESPONDENCE

MR. KENNEDY'S ECONOMICS

To the Editor: In his February 14 article, "The Economic Education of John F. Kennedy," M. J. Rossant touches upon a great mystery: that of "William McChesney Martin, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board since 1951, who is regarded in the business community as a symbol of orthodoxy and, like J. Edgar Hoover, has achieved an untouchable status in Washington." The *Wall Street Journal* of February 11, rejoicing in the President's reappointment of Mr. Martin, hailed him as "defender of the dollar," by which it really meant "defender of the faith." Against whom? The aggressor is Per Jacobsson, managing director of the International Monetary Fund. Instead of worrying about inflation, like Mr. Martin, the IMF head wants us to worry more about deflation, which he claims threatens woe to the world.

In August, 1957, Mr. Martin told the Senate Finance Committee that inflation was the most critical problem facing the country. He gave Senator Russell B. Long a hard time by refusing to give direct answers to simple questions, according to the senator. Mr. Long was baffled by what Mr. Martin himself called a "seeming paradox" that prices were expected to rise, even though the bottlenecks that had impeded production growth in 1956 had been largely relieved. He expressed the view that while there was hardly any specific shortage anywhere of goods supposed to be pursued by too much money, there still was a general shortage. He reminded one of the weeping shopkeeper who says he is losing money on every item sold but expects to make a profit if he sells enough.

According to a Washington *Post* editorial on February 10, "the restrictive policies" of the Federal Reserve Board in 1959 and 1960 hampered economic recovery, but the paper thinks that Mr. Martin, prodded by Congressional critics, has slowly shifted ground lately. But on July 13, 1962, he told a Joint Economic Subcommittee that the "profit squeeze" was hard on some businesses, not recognizing, as did Governor Nelson Rockefeller in a recent speech, that ours is a profit-and-loss economy, in which it should be normal that some businesses should make profits, others losses, at least in certain years, and for all business to be "squeezed" to prevent any lax disregard of the consumers, who are supposed to exert "sovereignty."

SIDNEY KORETZ
Washington, D.C.

To the Editor: I think events since M. J. Rossant's article on President Kennedy's economic philosophy was written do indeed confirm that the tax pro-

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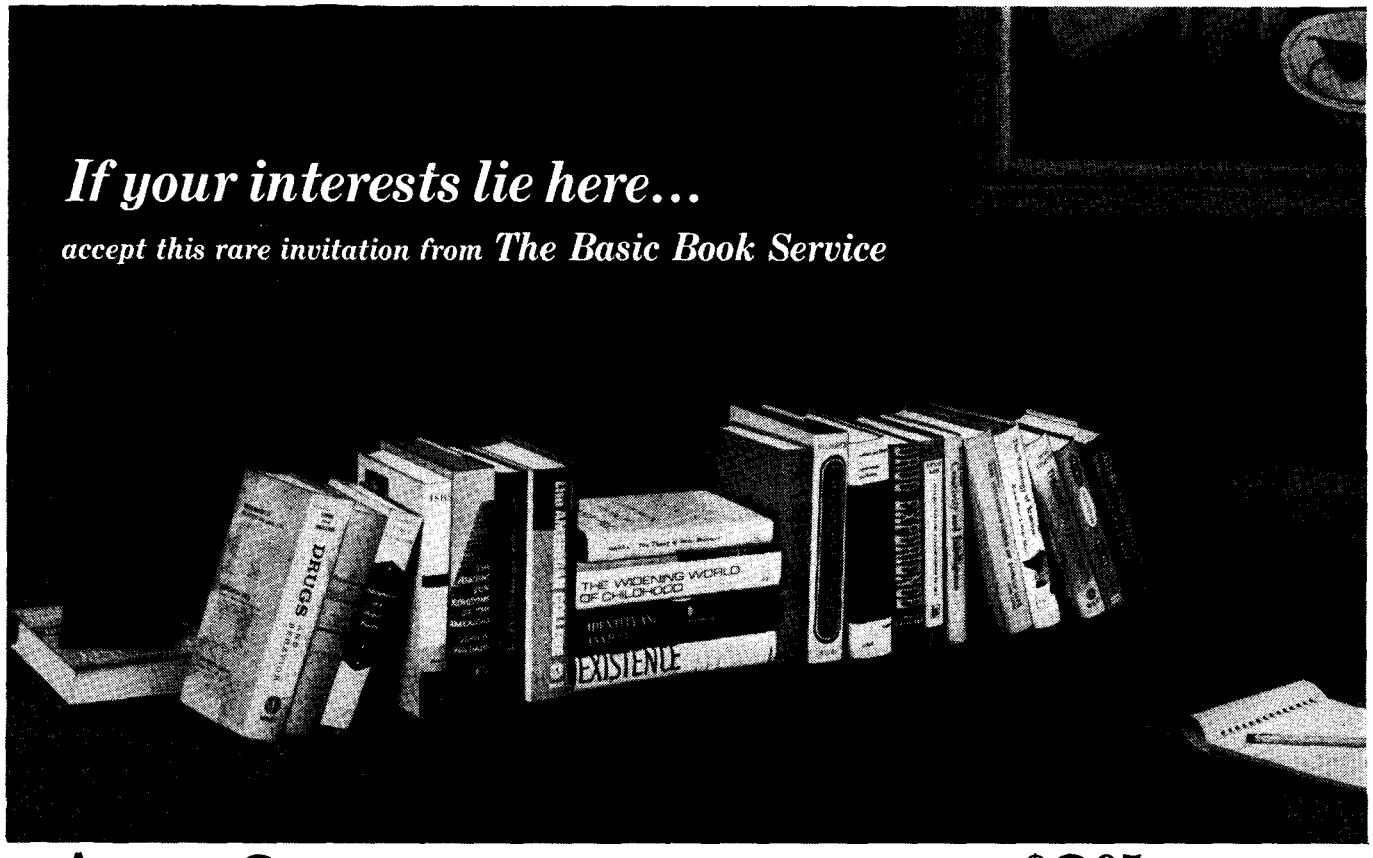

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gram can be attacked as both too cautious and too radical. I suppose that we are now in the stage when all sides must work off some of their heat before we can settle down to appraise the program constructively and to realize the common core of agreement between the divergent views that have been expressed. In the end I am sure that, when all considerations are balanced, this process will justify widespread support for tax reduction and reform.

ROBERT V. ROOSA
Under Secretary of the Treasury
for Monetary Affairs
Washington, D.C.

To the Editor: The "false starts" that M. J. Rossant describes as a basic characteristic of the President's approach to economic matters have certainly not disappeared since the article was written. Having told us that we need tax revision—both reduction and reform—in order to stimulate our economy, Mr. Kennedy now tells us that he'll settle for reduction *without* reform. No wonder the liberals who hoped that the indecision and vacillation of Eisenhower were to be replaced by decisive leadership are looking so gloomy these days!

J. L. CLAPP
New York

INDIAN WRITING

To the Editor: I am afraid I don't agree with some of the comments made by Mr. Robin White. ("Fiction in India," *The Reporter*, February 14). For instance, when he says that "A writer from Kerala is dealing with another country in the state of Madras . . . ," this is not correct. The languages spoken in these two states may be different but the culture of the two states is the same. They have the same music, the same food, and a common way of living.

I also do not agree with Mr. White that the tradition of the novel came to India late. Long before Kipling was known to the English-speaking people of India, Indian writers had written some great novels. In this connection, I would mention Bankim Chandra Chatterji, whose social novels about Bengal were published and translated in English long before Kipling appeared on the Indian scene.

Unfortunately, Mr. White's ignorance of Indian languages makes his article very sketchy. He has dealt only with those writers who express themselves through the medium of English, but there is a very large number of writers in Indian languages whose writings have become classics.

Now that Hindi is being spoken by about forty-five per cent of the people in India, the writers are not experiencing so much difficulty in selling their books to a large audience. The growing rate of literacy has also contributed to the large demand for books in Hindi and other Indian regional languages.

However, that does not detract from Mr. White's well-written article and

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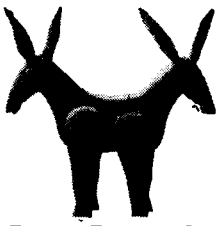
DAVID BRODER, *Washington Star:*



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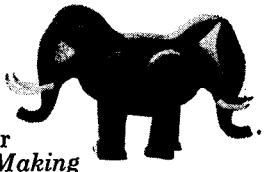

...to appear since *The Making of the President* . . . Mr. Burns' analysis illuminates the current debate over what [Kennedy] will . . . make of the office . . . Should be . . . the most hotly debated book of the year in Washington." ROSCOE DRUMMOND, *Saturday Review* says: "James MacGregor Burns has calmly tossed an unlighted time bomb onto the American political scene. Compulsory . . . and exciting reading . . . constructively disturbing. I recommend it to everybody." LIFE says: "A provocative theory about conflict between President and Congress." TIME calls the book "tantalizing." THE NEW YORK TIMES reports "... impressive research in a crisp, vigorous and readable prose." ATLANTIC: "One of the most significant political tracts in recent years." Enter the discussion yourself. Get a copy of "Deadlock" today. $5.95

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there can be no quarrel with him about some of the observations he makes.

Z. L. KAUL
Press Attaché
Consulate General of India
New York

Mr. White replies:

The differences between Kerala and Madras are similar to those between England and France. Certainly there are a few shared cultural aspects. But Kerala has a matriarchal society; that of Madras is patriarchal. The status of women in each is sharply divergent. Moreover, their histories are disparate, and so are their languages. The fact of political union under Delhi has not altered the local existence of antipathetic attitudes.

As for Mr. Kaul's assertion about the tradition of the novel, the word "late" is purely relative. In terms of Indian history it was late, and if he thinks it did not enter with the British, I would like to ask where he does think it came from. Admittedly Chatterji was born thirty years before Kipling, but thirty years in terms of Indian history is negligible. And what Chatterji *is* known for, aside from *Ananda Math,* is his creation of an Indian school of fiction "on the European model." Obviously Chatterji's contributions are a matter of record, but it is not as familiar a record as Kipling's and is certainly inadequate in terms of the point I was attempting to make.

Mr. Kaul claims that I am ignorant of Indian languages, and to this I readily agree. I can speak only Tamil. With thirteen other major Indian languages to contend with, I admit that my linguistic abilities are limited.

It may well be that forty-five per cent of the populace has now been coerced by the language edict to acquire some knowledge of Hindi, just as at one time a great many Indians were obliged to acquire some practical knowledge of English. But only twenty-eight per cent of the populace have a Hindi-speaking heritage. Perhaps Mr. Kaul is not aware of the bitterness with which his remarks would be received in South India.

Solution to Puzzle #73

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Taxing Times

It was only last August that the President, reporting to the nation on the state of the economy, took pains to draw a sharp line between an anti-recession "quickie" tax cut—which he rejected unless things got worse—and the permanent reduction in rates that would remove permanent obstacles to faster economic growth—which he proclaimed as his No. 1 legislative goal for 1963.

But on February 25, before a symposium organized by the American Bankers Association, only the thinnest of semantic walls separated the President's words from an open call for precisely that "quickie" tax cut he had spurned last summer. In order to get it, he even offered to forgo tax reform. Indeed, he proclaimed his willingness to do "whatever is necessary to get that bill."

There is apparently no reason to believe that the sacrifice of tax reform would cost Mr. Kennedy and most of his economic advisers many heartaches. It is an open secret that the inner circle never thought very much of the marriage of reduction and reform. In terms of revenue, for one thing, the gains to be realized from many of the reforms were wholly out of proportion to the political trouble they could be counted upon to cause in the Congress. The battle in the last Congress over the proposed withholding tax on interest and dividends, which the reformers lost to those widows and orphans to whose protection so many financial interests are devoted, would seem to have been a warning.

Why, then, did the administration put reform in the same package with reduction this year? Perhaps the answer must be sought in the President's propensity for seeking foolproof Congressional coalitions for a minimum program, a trait that nearly wrecked last year's trade legislation and certainly reduced its most ardent proponents to unhappy bystanders as the finish line was crossed. This time, giving hostages to Representative Wilbur Mills, the chairman of the House Ways and

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Except to Drink and Sleep and Sit and Stare.

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Of Culture from the Well among the Waste,
    And lo—the tourist Caravan has reached
The Nothing it set out from, Hilton-based.

—SEC

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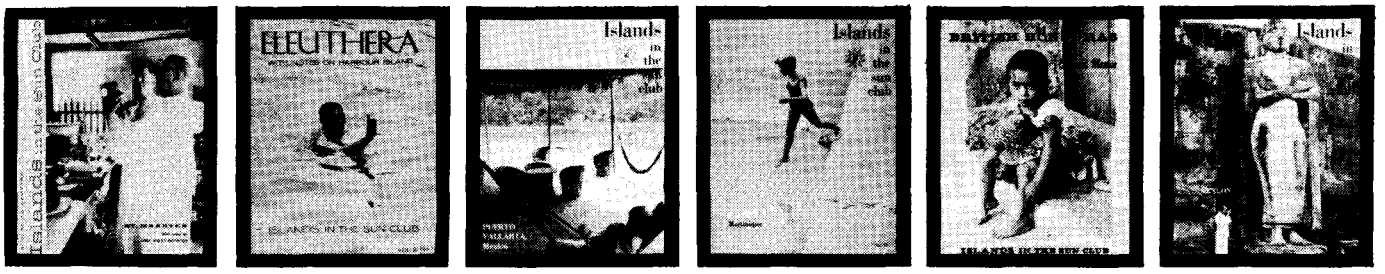

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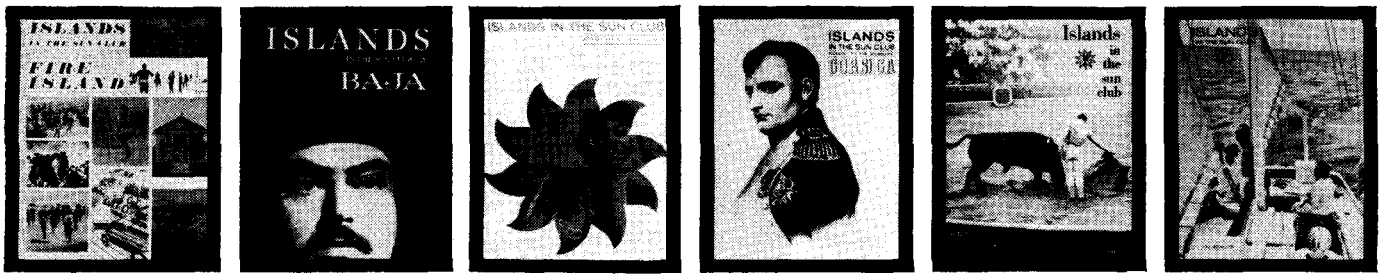

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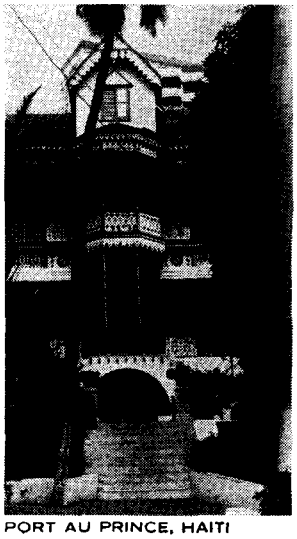

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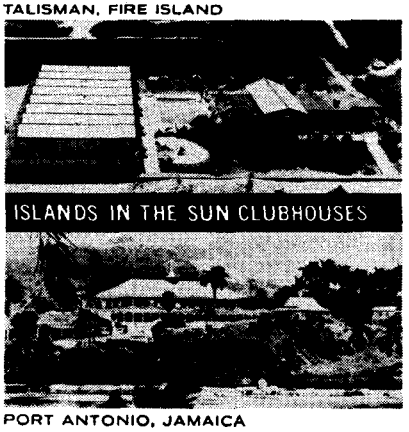

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Means Committee, has surely proved a poor bargain. On Capitol Hill, Mr. Mills is the high priest of tax reform. Before his committee, in the winter of 1959, some 3,700 pages of testimony were assembled, covering every facet of the tax structure. Even to begin taking account of what he might have on his mind was bound to drown tax reduction.

But even if jettisoning reform should help to clear the air, there is no guarantee that the next move the President chose to elicit support will not becloud it worse. That move was his hint at the same American Bankers Association symposium about an impending recession. As we have painfully learned, the time for giving a lagging economy a temporary shot in the arm is apt never to arrive until "next month," when this month's economic indicators are in "and we can get a better look at where we're moving." Unless the administration puts an effective quarantine on timeliness, it may find itself in an endless debate over the true significance of the weekly freight-loading figures. Yet the President seemed to invite just that type of argument by his hourglass arithmetic that it took forty-five months between postwar recession 1 and 2, thirty-five between Nos. 2 and 3, twenty-five between Nos. 3 and 4, and that we are now twenty-four months from the end of postwar recession 4. After his experiences last summer, it is difficult to see why the President would deliberately choose to become involved in such pointless wrangling once again. The confusion within the administration was compounded when Secretary Dillon, stressing the long-term goals of the tax program, denied that a recession was in the offing and insisted that he, at least, still wants reform along with tax reduction.

It will take the toughest discipline and leadership from here on in to get Congressional action on what is clearly the most important problem: stimulation of the economy for the long run through a sizable reduction of tax rates. There is a surprising amount of agreement among economists, not ordinarily known for unanimity of views, upon the need for this action. There is even greater agreement that a halfhearted attempt would be worse than none.

Two Prophets

The Cuban argument continues apace and seldom have the voices seemed less harmonious and the dialogue less illuminating. Last month, public confidence in the administration had been shattered to the point where a Birch-minded congressman like Donald Bruce of Indiana could command front-page space with an undocumented charge that forty missiles remained in Cuba. The administration tried to answer its critics with a two-hour television show featuring the Secretary of Defense. Mr. McNamara said that he was satisfied that the offensive missiles had been removed from Cuba. That might have satisfied the critics—but it didn't.

Of all the critics, Senator Kenneth B. Keating of New York has proved to be by far the most difficult to deal with. Democratic attempts to paint Keating as a sinister, bitterly partisan politician have fallen flat; the senator is mild-mannered, something of a wit in Republican circles, almost Rotarian in outlook. He is certainly no Joe McCarthy. Keating does not say there are offensive missiles on the island of Cuba; he merely asks the administration how it can be so sure there are not. He does not demand an invasion to rid the island of Soviet troops; he merely wonders aloud whether Khrushchev is prepared to keep his promise—and what the administration is prepared to do if he does not keep his promise.

If these questions are, by and large, unanswerable—well, that's politics. (Senator Keating is well aware that the Kennedys would like nothing better than to knock him off when he comes up for re-election next year.) And if there is a fair amount of what Senator J. William Fulbright calls "jingoism" in Keating's comments, the fair-minded must recall that the then Senator Kennedy himself used the Cuban issue for all it was worth during the last Presidential campaign. It is interesting to recall, for example, that on October 6, 1960, in Cincinnati, Ohio, Mr. Kennedy himself described Cuba as "the most glaring failure of American foreign policy today" and went on from there to describe how Castro "rattled red rockets at the United States, which can hardly close its eyes to a potential enemy missile or submarine base only ninety miles from our shores."

The Pedestrian Approach

The ability to walk fifty miles in less than twenty hours may be an impressive demonstration of a Marine corporal's fitness for duty, but it somehow fails to enhance—in our eyes at any rate—the reputation of a Cabinet officer of the Federal government, even if his title happens to include the word "General." It would be a pity, we feel, if this administration went down in history for the Herculean vigor with which it performed tasks whose only purpose and reward would seem to be a ride home in a government limousine. We have therefore regretted that in high government circles only Pierre Salinger, whose appreciation of the pleasures of the table as opposed to those of the open road are well known, has taken it upon himself to speak out emphatically against the new fad.

Perhaps the views of another celebrated cigar smoker on the subject of pointless muscle-flexing may serve as a healthy antidote. Here, quoted from one of his books, is a document composed more than twenty years ago by Sir Winston Churchill:

"Prime Minister to Secretary of State for War:

"Please see the *Times* of February 4. Is it really true that a seven-mile cross-country run is enforced upon all in this division, from generals to privates? Does the Army Council think this a good idea? It looks to me rather excessive. A colonel or a general ought not to exhaust himself in trying to compete with young boys running across country seven miles at a time. The duty of officers is no doubt to keep themselves fit, but still more to think for their men, and to take decisions affecting their safety or comfort. Who is the general of this division, and does he run the seven miles himself? If so, he may be more useful for football than war. Could Napoleon have run seven miles across country at Austerlitz? Perhaps it was the other fellow he made run. In my experience,

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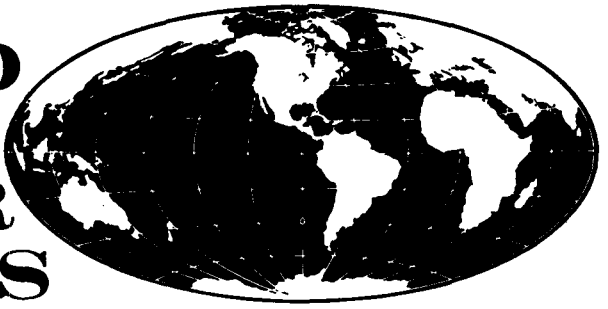

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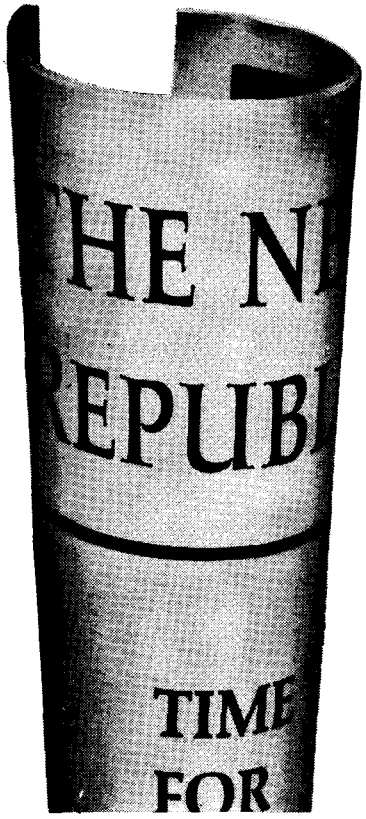

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based on many years' observation, officers with high athletic qualifications are not usually successful in the higher ranks."

A Rising GMP

We are grateful to learn that there has been a turning point in the moral breakdown of this country. In one of a series of interviews on the American character for the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, Robert E. Fitch, a Congregational minister who is dean of Christian Ethics at the Pacific School of Religion in Berkeley, California, informs us that our national character, in fact, has been on a rising curve for some four years now. *The Reporter,* we are proud to remind our readers, was among the first publications to indicate the boom-and-bust aspects of American morality (Meg Greenfield, "The Great American Morality Play," which we published on June 8, 1961).

The turning point, Dr. Fitch affirms, took place in 1960. For a forty-year stretch before that, we were suffering a decline that culminated, after the Second World War, "in the beatnik movement, the fake-Bohemian group that developed then." "Now," says Dr. Fitch, "I think the moral breakdown over this forty-year period has about run its course. I visit college campuses and I talk to students. I have a feeling they are turning once again to a regard for moral law, for standards and principles. Very young parents today are not as permissive as their parents were. They believe in certain objective standards of behavior that have to be enforced."

In explaining the change, Dr. Fitch confesses that he has been "tempted" to use President Kennedy as an example of a certain salubrious shift: "It is a temper that faces up to the tough problems of life and says, 'We'll take them on, we have to meet them, and we'll conduct ourselves like men.'" Mind you, President Kennedy is not exactly responsible for the shift; he merely reflects it. But as in economic affairs, we are sure that a few predictions of a rising growth curve and just the right amount of stimulation from the White House can do wonders for our Gross Moral Product.

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Life Without the 'Times'

THE DAYS are rolling on and on and we have no New York *Times*. The "we" means those whose business it is to keep up with the news; it means also a much larger number of people than those who read the *Times*. The audience of that paper is as indefinable and amorphous as the paper itself. Directly or indirectly, day after day, we have all depended on that vast pool of information for the knowledge of what has happened the day before. In our times electronics is carrying the nation into something closer and closer to direct democracy, and direct democracy is making the nation into one big town—a one-paper town.

Without the *Times*, the other papers all over the country seem somewhat incongruous, for none of them can even remotely be compared to that daily installment of the diary of history. Even the best of these publications can be considered only as local or specialized supplements, useful to check on what the *Times* prints or fails to print. But how can one find relief from the New York *Times* or quarrel with it when there is no *Times*? Mr. Powers has deprived too many of us of a precious hour of frustrating drudgery.

DEPRIVED of the major source of information, we have little knowledge of what causes this deprivation. We hear charges and countercharges; we are told that three major officials of public government—the President of the United States, the governor of the State of New York, the mayor of the city—feel duty bound to show their concern and act in the interest of the public at large. But each of them has to keep an eye on a particular section of the public—organized labor. There is an aura of secretiveness around the whole business.

Is Mr. Powers fighting the publishers, or the Newspaper Guild, or is he simply out to acquire national repute as a valiant labor leader? Are the publishers fighting to preserve the ancient structure of their business, which is increasingly threatened by the coming into being of nation-wide papers—indeed by the unsurpassed prestige of one paper in the one big town? If so, the protracted strike can only accelerate the trend.

Both Mr. Powers and the publishers share the fear of compulsory arbitration. Fear of Congress, of government intervention, is to be found among all those involved in the strike. In this strange collusion of fears there is little room for clear aims on anybody's part, or a chance to have one side prevail when at long last the end finally comes. What is at stake is something far more important than publishers' profits or printers' wages. The relationship between management and labor, the margin of freedom each of the two can enjoy and share, the right of the people to know what happens in the world—these are the real issues. They are disproportionately greater than the little causes and the little men that brought about the strike.

As happens quite frequently in labor-management relations, there is a singular affinity between the character of the antagonists, the publishers and the union. Both of them in their setup and outlook are about a generation behind the times. The baronial traditions still prevail among the publishers, irrespective of their varying economic strengths. On the other side, the predominance of old-fashioned craft unions and the frailty of the only industrial union, the Guild, have kept the organization of labor as quaint as that of management.

A third element can and undoubtedly will force both sides to catch up with the times. It is government, as we all know, and we envy the President's confidence that government intervention can stop short of compulsory arbitration. Maybe a way out can be found and we will have arbitration, but gently, with compulsion exerted by the government under the guise of persuasion.

Then peace will reign in the newspaper business. From the printing plants up to the city desks and the editorial offices, advancement will be decided according to inheritance or seniority. Come to think of it, are we not pretty close to this stage?

We have not begun to see what automation can do for our knowledge of events and reflection on them. The day may come when events can not only be reproduced but produced already packaged with their appropriate degree of newsiness, their quota of built-in leakages, plus comments by photogenic national figures proclaiming their undying devotion to the supreme value of individual freedom.

IN THIS strange, long conflict of the blind fighting the blind toward ends that no one seems to know or to wish, we can see, as in a distorted image, the future that may be in store for us. We only say "may," for we cannot give up our confidence in man's capacity to go behind all appearances and seek out the truth. We may be foolishly optimistic, but we still believe that man's mind can master electronics and check the trend toward automated history, automated reporting, and automated government. Perhaps, after all, Mr. Powers has rendered us a service by letting us have this glimpse of an impossible, utterly unbearable future.

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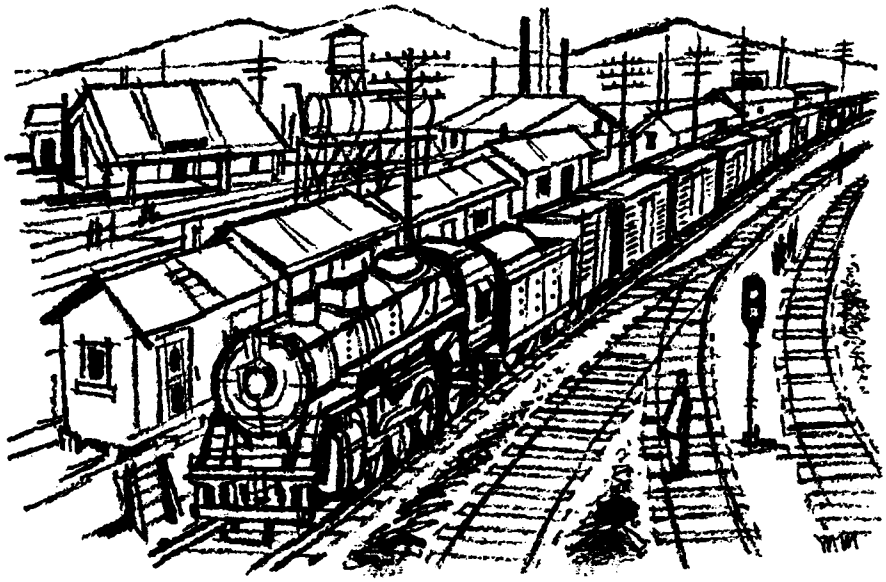

Who Will Mediate the Mediators?

EDWARD J. SILBERFARB

IT HAD TO HAPPEN. Now the referees are almost as entangled as the linemen in that vast scrimmage known as collective bargaining.

The labor peacemaker has grown in prominence over the years. He has had few rules to confine him, and, like a divinity student who just got the call, he shows zeal for his cause. Moreover, government at all levels has become increasingly active as a collective-bargaining umpire. Even private individuals and civic groups try to play King Solomon from time to time. One of the recent results has been a perhaps inevitable paradox—jurisdictional disputes among labor mediators. The men who are supposed to settle squabbles have become embroiled in squabbles themselves. The effects have been amusing, expensive, confusing, or even damaging to the negotiations that the mediators are supposed to help.

In 1960, the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen struck the Long Island Rail Road, the nation's busiest commuter rail line, for higher wages and a shorter work week. But the struggle between mediators was as interesting as the one between labor and management. The National Mediation Board, a Federal panel set up to settle disputes in rail and air transportation, had been at work for more than a year to avert the strike. As the peacemaking apparatus of the Railway Labor Act spun itself out, however, the strike came.

Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller of New York stepped in and established a three-man board of inquiry. Francis A. O'Neill, Jr., then chairman of the National Mediation Board, made it clear he thought the state was interfering with his job. He said he couldn't schedule negotiations because the state board kept both parties on call: "We can't work in two forums." Even Mayor Robert F. Wagner of New York City made a brief appearance, conferred with both parties, but soon retired from the already cluttered field.

Harold J. Pryor, the union leader, reluctantly appeared before the state panel but made known his preference for O'Neill. Thomas M. Goodfellow, the railroad president, approved the state's role. Whereupon the state, in the form of Governor Rockefeller, squeezed the money out of the company to meet the trainmen's demands.

Dr. Herbert R. Northrup, a professor at the University of Pennsylvania's Wharton School of Finance and Commerce and a student of the jurisdiction problem, mentioned the Long Island situation in an article last October in the *Labor Law Journal*. He said it was a case where "settlement was slowed while the parties concentrated on finding a favorable intervenor instead of working for a settlement." Like many jurisdictional disputes among mediators, this one gave labor and management something else to quarrel about.

Since the National Mediation Board has its jurisdiction clearly chartered by law, it is rarely engulfed in this kind of controversy. Most of the jurisdictional rivalry involves state mediation agencies and another arm of the national government—the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service, whose sphere of influence is as vague as the interstate commerce clause.

The law says the FMCS may enter a dispute "whenever in its judgment such dispute threatens to cause a substantial interruption of commerce," and should avoid a dispute "which would have only a minor effect on interstate commerce if state or other conciliation services are available to the parties."

The jurisdictional boundaries for

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most state mediation agencies are defined just as vaguely. In the November, 1961, transit strike in Rochester, mediators from both the Federal service and the New York State Board of Mediation were on the scene. The state mediator charged that his Federal counterpart was scheduling negotiation sessions without his knowledge and thus excluding him from the meetings. Meanwhile, the strike dragged on. The state countered by setting up a panel of its board members to take over the negotiations. The power play took the initiative away from the Federal mediator.

"We decided to take the gloves off," was the way one state official described the situation.

In this odd duel between peacemakers over states' rights and Federal authority, there is a man in the unique position of having been in the lists for both sides. He is Joseph F. Finnegan, now chairman of the New York State Board of Mediation but, under President Eisenhower, director of the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service.

When, as the state chairman, he offered his services last December in the New York newspaper strike, the publishers, who have always favored Federal mediation, rejected him and said, "Remember, when you were in Washington we used to ask you to call Albany and get the state off our backs."

But Finnegan says he observes the same jurisdictional standards he used when he was at the national level. "Let the Federal take all the big stuff; I've got enough here to keep me busy."

As Federal director, however, he didn't always confine himself to "the big stuff." In many cases a state had no mediation service of its own, or had one that lacked funds. The FMCS once intervened in a Texas grocery-store dispute on the grounds that the state had no one to do it. Sometimes a state mediator turned out to be a relative or friend of one of the parties and the other party called for Federal intervention.

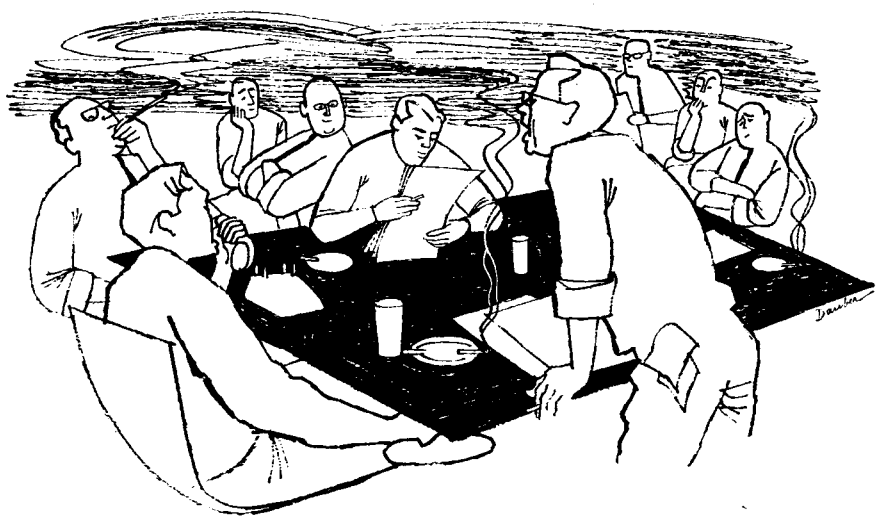
"In one state, the top mediator was just a political hack who beat the bushes for the governor. In states with powerful labor organizations, the unions hand-picked the mediation board. In states with dominant companies, the opposite happened."

Some Western unions wanted the Federal service to enter all disputes, according to Finnegan. "They told us, 'If you don't take the little cases, we won't give you the big ones.' "

A Surfeit of Helpers

But Federal and state agencies are not the only ones to become embroiled in jurisdictional disputes. Some cities have their own mediation staffs, and, as might be expected, they too join the fray. New York is one such city, and since it is usually seething with labor activity, the setting is perfect for a three-way tug of war among mediators from each level of government.

The boundaries marking the city's mediation domain are as poorly defined as those for state and Federal. Many labor disputes are obviously city problems though they involve industries that cut across city and even state borders. So perhaps it was not only in jest that a New York City official tried to divide up the mediation kingdom in such a way as to assure himself the politically rich heart of Manhattan.



"I'll take everything from the Battery to Fifty-ninth Street and you can have the rest," he said.

The jurisdictional tangle is knotted even more when top elected officials or their lieutenants at each level of government decide to take personal command of negotiations. Supreme Court Justice Arthur J. Goldberg, when he was Secretary of Labor, practiced intervention from the top in a dramatic fashion. He took charge of contract talks in such varied areas as tugboats, airlines, and the Metropolitan Opera. It was his operatic performance that brought whoops of derision from other labor specialists when they wanted to ridicule the Federal government for exceeding its jurisdiction in labor matters.

Although the records of Secretary Goldberg, Governor Rockefeller, and other high official peacemakers are impressive, many professional mediators say this technique is a usurpation of power that tends to downgrade the mediator's importance. "Because of the Arthur Goldberg pattern," Allan Weisenfeld, secretary of the New Jersey Board of Mediation, has said, "the parties won't settle for less than the top guy. Why should they take Simkin if they can get Wirtz?" He was referring to William E. Simkin, director of the FMCS, and Secretary of Labor W. Willard Wirtz.

Some labor experts applaud intervention from the top. Theodore W. Kheel, who did that very sort of thing in New York for Mayor O'Dwyer and now for Mayor Wagner, believes that a high officeholder's prestige is a most valuable tool for settling labor quarrels if it is used sparingly and at just the right time.

But even at that level there are jurisdictional and protocol problems. Kheel thinks the New York newspaper strike should have been tackled by the mayor from the beginning, but, he has said, "When the Secretary of Labor comes in [as he did early in the newspaper strike], this tends to isolate the mayor from the dispute."

The New York area milk strike of

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1953 brought a stampede of mediators from three states, the city, and the Federal government. The parties had sent calls to the New York City Labor Department, the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service, and the mediation agencies of New York State, New Jersey, and Connecticut. They all showed up, but most of them never got into the negotiations. "We were put in the contemptible position of having to wait in the hotel lobby for a handout," Weisenfeld told me.

Besides slowing the settlement efforts, duplicating expense, and bruising the feelings of mediators, the jurisdictional problem produces other ills. Sometimes labor or management or both will try to use the rivalry among mediators to their own advantage. This is the "If we can't do any better with you, we'll go to City Hall" approach. Sometimes one mediator may use labor or management as the device for keeping a rival mediator out of the negotiations by saying, "We'd like you to come in and help us, but the union [or company] doesn't want you."

Even worse is the occasional attempt by a mediator to play off one of the parties against a rival mediator by dangling the contract agreement as bait. Joseph A. Raffaele, the director of international industrial relations at Drexel Institute of Technology, described such a situation in the *Labor Law Journal* last March: "The mediator urged one party to withdraw the dispute from a rival agency on the promise that the shift would assure a better settlement."

WHAT BROUGHT ABOUT such jurisdictional disputes among mediators? For one thing, mediation, unlike arbitration, is not compulsory or binding on the parties. It is not a judicial or executive function. It carries no cease-and-desist order or other injunction. A mediator just tries to bring the disputing parties together so that they can reach their own basis for agreement. Anybody can be a mediator. Many try to be; some, unfortunately, for prestige purposes. As a practical matter, government agencies are in the best position to mediate labor disputes. But since a mediation agency, unlike a labor-relations board, is not a regulatory body, its jurisdiction need not be defined.

Moreover, labor disputes are as complex as the economy itself. Rare is the industry that operates along clearly defined geographical lines. The New York newspaper industry is involved in interstate commerce, but a strike in that industry seriously affects only the city. The Long Island Rail Road serves only the city of New York and two suburban

counties, yet as a carrier connecting to other railroads it is considered a national problem under the Railway Labor Act. It is also a state problem in that it depends on state legislation for its financial survival. A strike at a large automobile or electrical-appliance plant may seem to be primarily of local interest but may be part of an industry-wide collective-bargaining situation. Or an independent plant may produce parts for a national industry.

The problem is complicated by the "notification" clause of the Taft-Hartley Act. This states that at least thirty days prior to the expiration of a labor-management contract, the parties must notify the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service and the state mediation agency, if there is one, of the forthcoming contract expiration. In theory, the Federal or the state mediation service, or both, will notify the parties that they are available, whereupon the parties may ask either, both, or neither of the agencies to enter the contract-renewal talks. If the parties do not ask assistance, the agencies may enter on their own motion if they believe the public interest is sufficiently involved.

This, then, is the machinery, but it doesn't always run smoothly. In fact, some authorities think that the Taft-Hartley notification clause throws open the door to competitive mediation and jurisdictional disputes. What can happen is that an enthusiastic agency may acknowledge the notice with a letter implying that it has assumed jurisdiction. Its mediator may call the parties regularly to remind them that his service is still available, perhaps even urge them to make use of it. He may even notify the parties that he has been "assigned" to the case and is awaiting their call to step in.

Another mediation agency, feeling it is being elbowed out, will be just as enthusiastic in offering its services. The first agency may be spurred to greater effort, and so the competition is on. William Weinberg, a staff mediator for the New Jersey board, has likened this sort of soliciting to ambulance chasing by lawyers, and says it is just as demeaning and unprofessional. Weisenfeld takes the same view and even urges repeal of the Taft-Hartley section that makes the practice possible.

WHY such jostling for work that carries no special pay? A government staff mediator receives the same salary no matter how many cases he handles. Nevertheless, a bigger case load justifies an agency's existence and its budget requests. As to the individual, he seeks a mediation showcase for his talents.

Jurisdictional lines could be whatever the mediators want to make them. In practice, they stake out jurisdiction much the way colonial powers staked out claims in the New World. Whoever got there first planted the flag, then over the years the colonizer developed the territory and built up equity in it. It isn't quite so arbitrary, however. Some industries are inherently the concern of the Federal government, such as steel, railroads, and airlines, and space, missile, and atomic-energy plants. Some have fallen in the Federal domain by tradition or because one of the parties, like the New York newspaper publishers, wants Federal mediation.

The FMCS has been criticized for empire building and for allowing its staff to become mired in pettiness. Joseph Raffaele is one of these latter critics. He has said the Federal service has contributed to its own

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downgrading by competing with the states in small disputes and presenting "the image not of dignity and wisdom, but of a finagler."

A city also builds its mediation structure partly on tradition, partly by laying claim to certain industries that present inherently local problems. In New York, for example, the transit system has become so intertwined with municipal finances that the mayor and the city labor department are the only ones who, for practical purposes, can settle its labor disputes. In New York, bread, electricity, trucking, even the milk industry, have come to be considered under the city's jurisdiction. Yet there's nothing sacred about any of these traditions.

New York has also carved out a jurisdiction for itself among the city's voluntary nonprofit hospitals, where the issue of union recognition was explosive. During last year's strike in New York, however, Governor Rockefeller upstaged the mayor and the city mediators by promising to work for legislation that would open the way for union recognition in nonprofit hospitals. When the strike was brought to an end, the city's Democratic officials were glad to have peace restored but were confounded by the way it came about. The union leader, Leon J. Davis, praised the Republican governor and said, "He's going to be re-elected and we're going to help him."

New York State's laws allow its mediation agency to step into a dispute in any industry that does business in New York even if it is based in another state. Eric J. Schmertz, a member of New York's Board of Mediation, favors early intervention "before the positions of the parties harden." He has said: "I'm not convinced the parties know when they need mediation. They're too mindful of their own interests, as they should be. They don't realize when the public interest is at stake."

In Connecticut, there is no jurisdictional decision to make. The state law requires the Connecticut Board of Mediation to enter all labor disputes in which there is a strike or a serious threat of a strike. Since the Federal man is on the scene too, almost all Connecticut mediating is performed by a two-man team, known in the profession as a "duet." Robert L. Stutz, deputy chairman of the Connecticut board, writing in the *Labor Law Journal* last October, said the duet precludes competition between the two agencies, since both know they will have to work together anyway, and strengthens the mediation effort with a "two heads are better than one" approach. But critics of this system call it featherbedding.

What can be done to avert a collision of mediators? Some minimize the problem. Harold A. Felix, former New York City labor commissioner, said that his policy was to back off if another mediation agency was chosen. Yet the sight of city and other mediators converging on the same bargaining table remains a common one in New York. Frank H. Brown, northeast regional director for the FMCS, insists that the problem has been "grossly exaggerated." Yet he concedes there are no guidelines to indicate who has jurisdiction over what. In the view of Theodore Kheel, jurisdiction should be based not on geographical or governmental lines, but on the question "Who would be most useful in settling the dispute?" And he wouldn't hesitate to have outsiders supersede the assigned mediators if that would help. "We've got to break out of the concept of handling these disputes through routine channels. There's no reason why the mayor or the governor shouldn't reach out for whoever can help."

Kheel thinks that city mediators at the staff level have no place at all, that state and Federal staff mediators should do the routine groundwork, and that top elected officials —whether the mayor, the governor, or the President—should step in at the critical stage in major disputes.

One of the most unorthodox solutions comes from Eric Schmertz. In an area like New York City, where city, state, and Federal mediators abound, he would form a joint council of mediation chiefs composed of directors of all three agencies. They would have a rotating chairman and work as a troika to direct negotiations and thus effectively eliminate competition.

But the more disillusioned labor specialists just throw up their hands and say a truce will come only with a fourth party—a sort of supermediator to keep peace among the third parties.

The Rhetoric Of Walter Reuther

STANLEY LEVEY

When Walter Reuther was a boy in West Virginia, he and his three brothers used to take turns debating important questions of the day in the family circle. The young Walter, facile, imaginative, and articulate, usually won. In the years since, he has made thousands of speeches, stirring millions of men and women, inside the labor movement and out, here at home and in distant lands, with his vision of a better world.

He has exhorted workers and employers, politicians and opinion makers, students and teachers, friends and enemies. His voice has been that of a prophet, his words those of a moralist, his ideals those of a visionary (or realist, depending on the audience). His speeches have been delivered in full voice and with the terrible earnestness of a man convinced of the truth of his message. Yet Reuther suffers the frustration of a man who made a prophecy but was not chosen to achieve it.

In the 1930's Reuther helped build a great union, the United Automobile Workers. In the 1940's he cleansed it of Communists and took control. In the 1950's he moved on to leadership of the Congress of Industrial Organizations and then united it in uneasy but apparently indissoluble marriage with the Amer-

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ican Federation of Labor. In the 1960's he has turned his attention abroad. All these accomplishments were carried out through a combination of words and deeds and often at great personal and physical cost. He was beaten for organizing Ford workers, shot by an unknown assailant, and attacked in the press and on public platforms as an egghead pushing America toward socialism.

And all the while he has poured out a steady stream of ideas—mass production of airplanes for war, an escalator clause for wages, supplementary unemployment benefits for the idle, political action by workers, organization of the unorganized. Some of his ideas have been as solid as granite, others as evanescent as smoke. Some have entranced his listeners, others have bewildered and infuriated them. Oddly enough, his words have met their coldest reception in the officialdom of organized labor, where status is significant and jurisdiction a fetish.

Thirty years ago Walter Reuther's rhetoric, plus his other talents, might have won for him the prize he values most of all—the presidency of the labor movement. Today, his gift of language may have cost him his goal.

"He's labor's Billy Graham," a union technician told me recently. "He stirs up his audience and they decide there and then to go straight. But the next morning, when the word and the presence are gone, they fall back happily into all their old bad habits."

A FEW MONTHS AGO I listened on successive days at a union convention to George Meany, the president of the AFL-CIO, and Walter Reuther. Meany plodded implacably, almost defiantly, through a sober but important speech about labor's problems. His reception was cordial, befitting the leader of 13.5 million American workers. But his speech was hardly one to set the blood racing.

The next day Reuther spoke. His mind and voice ranged daringly and confidently over a dozen subjects. He asked questions and gave answers. He swept up his audience. He evoked cheers and laughter. The delegates sent him on his way with an ovation. They had been superbly entertained.

"What did you think of him?" I asked an official of the union, a man of deep intelligence and a friend of Reuther's.

"It's the same old speech," he replied. "We've all heard it a hundred times."

"And Meany's?" I asked. The union leader thought for a moment and then said gravely:

"Those two speeches show the difference between the two men. George

is a terrible speaker and you have to listen hard. It's not easy, but there is meat in it. He is constructive—a trade unionist.

"Walter? I don't know. He makes it all sound so simple. But after he has said it, what have you got? How long will they [the delegates] remember it? What does it mean? Do you understand now what I mean when I say that if it came to a choice between Meany and Reuther I would have to choose George?"

Few neutral observers are privy to the proceedings of labor's powerhouse, the executive council of the AFL-CIO. But from a pro-Meany man, who has on occasion sat within the sacred chamber, comes this version of Reuther amid his peers:

"For the first twenty minutes or so they seem interested in what Walter is saying. Then he begins to repeat himself. He's a great repeater, you know. And then boredom sets in. I have seen some council members look at him with incredulity when he goes on about global matters.

"Walter loves the rhetorical question. I remember one time when the council was discussing whether it should hold its next meeting in Florida. Walter as usual was wearing his hair shirt and was against it, and he asked: 'Do we want to live like captains of industry?'

"This old building-trades guy was sort of dozing down at the end of the table, but he woke up when he heard Walter ask the question. 'Sure I do,' he said. 'What's wrong with that?' Well, that ended the discussion about Florida."

An Eloquent Outsider

Like any man who lives by the word, Reuther has a few phrases to which he has become strongly attached. One of these, used in referring to the world's hungry millions, is "shrunken bellies." Sometimes he varies the expression and speaks of "wrinkled bellies." It may be that he knows that the bellies of the hungry are bloated, but "shrunken bellies" calls up a more graphic image than "bloated bellies," especially in higher labor circles where many bellies—not including Reuther's—are comfortably distended.

Another favorite expression of Reuther's is "working in the vineyards." He pronounces the words somewhat reverently, much in the manner of a man of the cloth. A labor lawyer who has listened to Reuther many times plays a little game with those around him when he finds himself in a Reuther audience.

"I take bets," he said not long ago, "on whether it is going to be a two-vineyard talk or a three-vineyard talk or more. I've gotten pretty good at predicting the number, but sometimes he fools me."

In some ways Reuther reminds one of Adlai Stevenson. Both are men of intelligence and taste. Both possess great verbal felicity. Both have approached greatness and had the prize elude them. Neither has ever really belonged in the company he keeps. Within the executive council of the AFL-CIO, Reuther has not been accepted by the old AFL wing. Most of these men, primitives in their general view of life but astute and subtle in the politics that is played in the highest stratum of organized labor, regard him warily. He is not one of the boys.

It is understandable that a man of

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Reuther's stamp would not inspire devotion among conservatives. But in the last few years he has even begun to lose ground with his old CIO allies, men accustomed to dramatics and oratory. It may be that he has talked himself out of their support. If that is the case, he has committed a grave tactical error, and the conviction grows that he can never beat George Meany on any important issue before the executive council and that he cannot expect ever to succeed Meany as president.

MEANY AND REUTHER have never really liked each other. Meany is a sensitive man for all his bulk and truculence. Most important, he is a good hater. Skilled at sensing and turning back threats to his power, he has scarcely taken pains to hide his hostility for the younger man. Reuther regards Meany as lazy, stubborn, and sometimes not very bright. But, insist Reuther's associates, the auto union leader is impersonal in his feelings toward Meany and opposes him—when he does—only because he thinks the AFL-CIO president is not doing his job.

At the moment, as a result of one of those delaying actions at which labor leaders are so skilled, the two men have apparently found a way to live with each other. The issue that divided them was a narrow one—who should be chosen to fill a vacancy on the executive council—and that is probably why other council members like David Dubinsky, Jacob S. Potofsky, Al Hayes, and David J. McDonald were so anxious to avoid a showdown on it.

For that matter, so was Reuther. Throughout the dispute he practiced a kind of labor brinkmanship. At CIO caucuses on the question of the council vacancy, Reuther was fiery and belligerent. Reports emanating from those meetings bristled with angry predictions. Things had never been so bad since the merger in 1955. A showdown was coming. The end was in sight. But nothing happened. Once again it was a case of too many words.

At last month's meeting of the AFL-CIO executive council in Miami Beach, Reuther took elaborate pains to avoid conflict with Meany. He accepted a proposal to tone down his criticism of the Kennedy administration's economic program in favor of a later personal meeting of top labor leaders with the President. And he seemed to be content with devoting his restless talents to the Industrial Union Department, which he heads, and to enlarging the UAW's role in Michigan Democratic politics. It was almost as though, recognizing that he had lost—or could never win—the

bigger power struggle, he had decided to go his own way within the federation.

"Walter talks a good fight but never strikes a blow," said an associate.

"Walter has marched the troops up the hill and down again once too often," complained a onetime CIO official.

"Reuther never had any idea of taking the Auto Workers out of the federation," said a colleague. "We think Meany's people put those stories out. Walter never considered the council vacancy an issue on which to split the AFL-CIO."

Is Walter Reuther through as an effectual labor leader? Is he merely compensating for his sense of frustration? Has Meany outmaneuvered him? Where is he going?

"He's in serious trouble," an observer said. "Meany has made him look sick. He's got a lot of problems in his own union—automation, unemployment, declining membership, the growing strength of management. If he slips any more, he may be through."

"Reuther is on a plateau, not at a dead end," said a former associate. "He'll stay where he is. Look, he has full control of his own union. He is indefatigable. He enjoys the respect of the general public. He still has undiminished powers of leadership and oratory."

"Walter's career doesn't frustrate him," a friend said. "But he *is* frustrated by the failure of the AFL-CIO to get off its back and do something. He does so much talking, he's so much in the public eye, that it's hard to convince people that personally he isn't very ambitious.

"He knows as well as anyone that he couldn't be elected president of the AFL-CIO. He wouldn't run against Meany, and as things stand now, he realizes that he couldn't succeed him if he retired or died.

"If there were someone other than Meany who could do the job and had a chance, Walter would probably support him. Meany is right if he thinks Walter personally believes George is the wrong man for the job. But he's not right if he thinks Walter wants it for himself."

A member of the executive council went over the list of possible successors to Meany and then said:

"Don't count Walter out. Who else has the ability, the dynamism, the intelligence? Perhaps Reuther *is too aggressive and impatient.* But time is his best ally. If Meany were to die tomorrow, a lot of people on the council would have second thoughts. And don't forget this: where would the government stand? Kennedy would want Reuther to be president of the AFL-CIO."

At fifty-five Walter Reuther has spoken many millions of words since those debating days in Wheeling. Where he is going is still a question. One thing, however, is certain. There will be many more millions of words spoken along the way.

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Automation And the News Strike

RICHARD SEVERO

THE NEWSPAPER BUSINESS is filled with tape. Not just red tape, but the perforated off-white variety, which apparently is the stuff that strikes are made of. A knot of perforated tape is at the center of the automation problem in the newspaper industry, and Bertram A. Powers, president of Local 6 of the International Typographical Union, claims that automation was a key factor in provoking his union's strike last December 8 against New York City newspapers.

Perforated tape is nothing new. It has been around for thirty years but didn't win wide acceptance until a decade ago. Now publishers do not even consider it automation but simply a technological advance that never seemed to penetrate very deeply in New York. In its most common form, the paper tape is punched by machines called Teletypesetters. Teletypesetters look pretty much like the old Teletypewriters, the kind of thing one might expect to find clacking away in any Hollywood production about the newspaper business. Like Teletypewriters, Teletypesetters produce a typewritten copy that can be ripped off the machine and read by an editor. But Teletypesetters also produce the same story simultaneously through a perforator that automatically punches arrangements of holes representing letters on a tape that can be fed into the linecasting equipment of any newspaper once it has been adapted for this purpose.

The important thing about the Teletypesetter—called TTS for short—is that it sets type in newspaper column lines without a human typesetter. And setting type is one of the main functions of printers.

PERFORATED TAPE comes in two varieties—"inside" and "outside." "Inside" tape is punched within the newspaper plant by employees of the paper. "Outside" tape is typed outside the newspaper—that is, by operators of news agencies like the Associated Press or United Press International—and is transmitted by wire to perforating machines in the newspaper office. In New York, the only papers that have any kind of tape operation at all are the New York *Times* and the *Wall Street Journal.*

Bertram Powers's own Local 6 has accepted both inside and outside tapes at the *Wall Street Journal,* but only inside tapes at the *Times.* The arrangement with the *Wall Street Journal* was made more than ten years ago, before Powers became president of Local 6. Despite his apparent reluctance to allow the New York *Times* to expand its use of tape, Powers maintains that his objections would vanish if his terms were met. He denies that he opposes automation in principle. "On the contrary," he has said, "we accept it. But we think it must be a gradual thing. And we want a share in the increased productivity of automation. We want that share in the form of funds for retraining, early retirement, and severance pay. We must secure the principle of sharing before automation goes any further. . . ."

Powers has other reservations as well.

First, when asked why he balks at automation in New York when it is already established in other union-shop newspapers across the country, Powers explains that when other printers' locals accepted the new systems, they did not realize the problems that would result.

Second, he claims that there is already a surplus of printers in New York, and for that reason he cannot accept the idea of job attrition. That is, even if publishers guarantee the jobs of printers already on the payroll and agree that the only reduction in the work forces will come when a printer either resigns or retires, Powers would still raise objections. "Attrition," he says, "shrinks job opportunities and we oppose it on that basis."

Third, he is not satisfied that publishers will, in fact, protect jobs now held by all his men: "The publishers have indicated they'll protect the steady jobholders, but they have offered no guarantee for printers working part time. If they did that, we would be more receptive to the idea."

Tape and the *Times*

Powers's line of reasoning does not fully reflect the national attitude of the ITU, since in other cities, publishers and printers have found a variety of automated systems compatible with their respective interests. In New York, the publishers have not reacted favorably to Powers's philosophy of sharing the increased productivity of automation, because nobody can ascertain how the sharing would be figured. Moreover, the New York publishers be-

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lieve that automation would be of little benefit to them unless the ITU relinquished all featherbedding practices. This seems most unlikely to happen at present.

Since the *Wall Street Journal* continues to publish, the only struck paper actively involved in any form of automation is the New York *Times*. It utilizes tapes to print part of its New York edition and all of its Paris and West Coast editions. What the *Times* wants from the ITU now is what the *Wall Street Journal* has had for more than ten years—the right to receive stock and bond quotations by TTS from one of the wire services. The other major newspapers in New York have kept their composing rooms at essentially the same level of efficiency that existed the night the *Titanic* went down. Much of the equipment now in use was not new when Herbert Hoover was inaugurated. With this background, it would appear that any present move toward a more modern means of production could not be considered other than gradual, and Powers himself is a proponent of gradualism.

The New York *Times* launched its tape-fed Western edition last October 1. A year before that, it had begun Teletypesetter service to its new Paris edition, shortly after the ITU agreed to assume jurisdiction over the TTS operation. The only other New York paper with a Paris edition is the *Herald Tribune*. In view of its policy of editorial independence for the Paris edition, it is not interested in servicing Paris via TTS tape from New York.

As for the *Times*, most of the tape used in both its Los Angeles and Paris outlets is considered inside tape. That is, members of the ITU agreed to take news copy and produce perforated tapes for those papers in the *Times* plant in New York. The only exception is the AP's taped financial tables, which are used on the Los Angeles and Paris editions. The ITU has thus far resisted this use in New York. ITU men assigned to work on *Times* Teletypesetter equipment were retrained for that new assignment by the *Times*, so that they could make an orderly transition from their linecasting machines. Tape so produced is transmitted to Los Angeles by means of a device called the Digitronics Dial-A-Verter, capable of sending electrical impulses at the rate of a thousand words a minute. When received in Los Angeles, these impulses produce tape identical to the original in New York. This tape then goes into linecasting equipment. The Digitronics Dial-A-Verter has not as yet been used for the Paris edition, which receives its TTS transmissions via leased transatlantic cable and wireless.

The *Times* management's long-range goal is to increase the use of tape wherever it will make production more efficient. For example, since inside tapes for the Paris operation were already available, the *Times* began using them about a year ago for the New York edition. Before the strike started, as much as forty per cent of the New York edition's editorial content was set by this method. But at the present stage of TTS use, the "efficiency" was not all gain. *Times* readers were subjected to a marked increase in garbled copy in the first editions. The errors resulted from imperfections, both human and mechanical, in the taping operation conducted by retrained ITU personnel.

THE OUTSIDE-TAPE situation in New York is a different story. The Associated Press has been sending financial tables via TTS for a decade, but in New York only the *Wall Street Journal* was using it. On February 11, both the AP and United Press International started an ultra high-speed financial service, employing a new ingredient: computers. The AP system was built around an IBM 1620; UPI's was based on a computer designed by Scantlin Electronics, Inc. Using either AP or UPI, a paper like the *Times* or *Herald Tribune* could set its business and financial tabulations in less than half an hour—without the services of a single Linotype operator. Of course, a few operators are needed to oversee the operation, but that is all. The *Herald Tribune* alone expends between eighty and ninety man-hours a day in setting stock and bond quotations, at a cost of between $250,000 and $300,000 a year. Thus far, however, only the *Times* has shown any real interest in using wire-service tapes for this purpose.

When Powers was asked to explain why he is reluctant to permit the *Times* to use a service the *Wall Street Journal* has had for many years, he replied, "The *Wall Street Journal* is not a member of the Publishers' Association and we were able to make terms with the *Journal* directly."

A walk through the *Journal's* New York plant gives some indication of the "terms." Members of the ITU are seated before many of the *Journal's* tape-fed linecasting machines. They do not operate the linecasting machines. They do not facilitate the flow of tape. They just sit there. Of course, there are still other ITU members punching the tape. It is doubtful that even the New York *Times* would be either willing or able to finance that kind of featherbedding.

The *Journal* is able to do it because of the diffuse nature of its production operation. It is a national paper in every sense of the word. In the past decade—roughly the time it has used the TTS system—its total circulation has risen from 237,000 to more than a million. Buren H. McCormack, its vice-president, editorial director, and general manager, attributes much of his paper's phenomenal success to the fact that it has been able to use some of the newest and most efficient production techniques. There are four regional editions of the *Journal*—Eastern, Midwestern, Southwestern, and Pacific. To set type for these editions the *Journal* uses inside Teletypesetter tape in much the same way that the New York *Times* does for its Western edition, except that the *Journal* operation is more complex and extensive.

News from the *Journal's* sources flows into New York, where it is headlined and edited. Some but not all of this news is punched into tape in New York by Local 6 members. To keep its means of communication dispersed among various possible channels, the rest of the copy is typed and sent by facsimile—basically, the same sort of telephone-line transmission used for news photographs—to *Journal* plants in Washington, D.C., and Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts. More tape is punched in Washington and Chicopee Falls for transmission to *Journal* plants around the country, where linecast-

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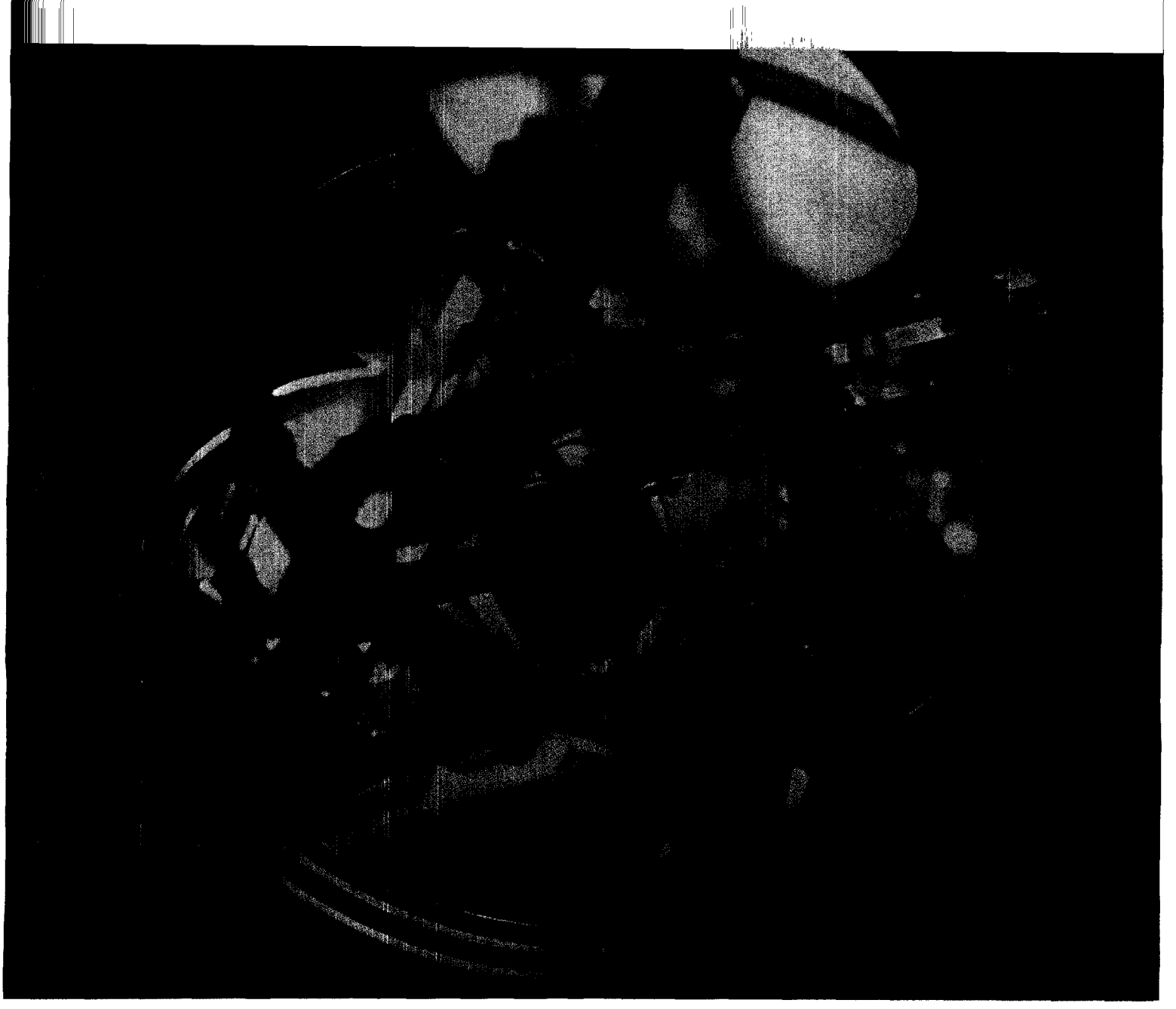

This is a gyroscope with no wheels, motors, gears, bearings, gimbals, rotors, springs or bushings.

The first magnetic-induction nuclear gyroscope: a laboratory model, but functional enough to prove that the principle works. Its descendants are expected to be the most precise and dependable navigation instruments ever devised.

It has a heart of water, contained in a small glass sphere. Electrical coils around the sphere align the water's nuclear particles like bar magnets. When the gyro's orientation is changed, these particles are disturbed. They emit a faint current, which signals the change . . . with fanatical accuracy.

Good mechanical gyros also sense, and signal, change of direction. But as time goes on even the best of them will build up excessive drift. Since there are no moving parts in the nuclear gyro, its drift rate due to friction is zero. Because of its simple construction, it should eventually be produced at far less cost than mechanical gyros. And it will never wear out.

The one above was built under Republic's independent research and development program, and tested under Bureau of Naval Weapons sponsorship.

Tomorrow its descendants will guide men who travel on the sea . . . under it . . . in the earth's atmosphere . . . and beyond.

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Widening England's front door

England's port of Southampton has the unique advantage of four high tides a day. For decades, however, the Nab Shoal east of the Isle of Wight and the dredged channel in Southampton Water have limited the size of ships that could enter the port. Among those kept out were large, fully laden tankers of 77,000 tons and over, which draw more water than Cunard's mighty "Queens."

Now Jersey Standard's British affiliate, Esso Petroleum Company, Ltd., with the cooperation of the Southampton Harbor Board, is removing these restrictions. When the dredging of Nab Shoal and the deepening of the approach channel to the Esso refinery at Fawley are completed, the biggest tankers will move freely through the harbor. Petroleum will be delivered to the refinery more economically—an important factor in keeping Great Britain supplied with low cost energy.

Captain J. B. R. Holt—the pilot on the bridge of the Queen Mary—has guided the "Queens" in and out of port for years. Recently he has piloted some of the supertankers to Fawley. He observes: "It will soon be possible for tankers up to 86,000 tons to lie at Fawley jetty fully laden at any tide. What the company is

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doing in Southampton Water is impressive."

The harbor improvement is just one way in which Esso has participated in Britain's economic growth. Serving the nation through its tanker fleet, refineries, chemical plants, pipelines and marketing facilities, Esso's organization in the United Kingdom provides a good example of how international business promotes progress and strengthens the free world.

Such foreign investments also help the United States keep pace in today's intense competition for expanding world markets. Throughout the free world they spur production, raise living standards and make possible increased trade among nations. Benefits to others are matched by benefits at home—in returns to shareholders and in stimulus to exports and economic growth.

Standard Oil Company (New Jersey)
and its affiliate
Humble Oil & Refining Company

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A publishing house is known by the company it keeps

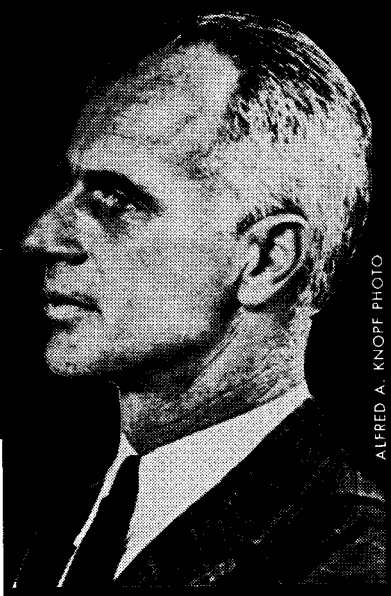
The new book by

JOHN HERSEY

is a gallery of unforgettable people with an indomitable will to live

HERE TO STAY

Studies in Human Tenacity

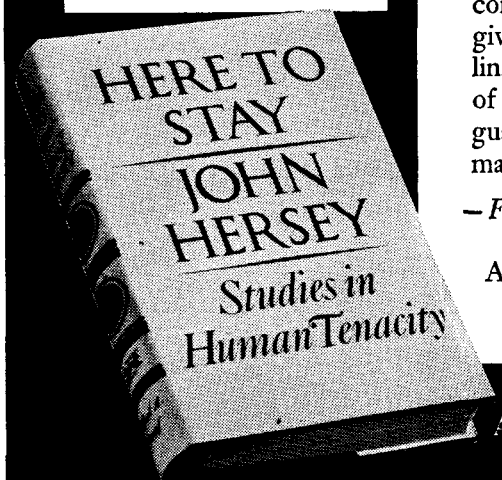


ALFRED A. KNOPF PHOTO

A delicate little old widow, age 75, who survived the rampaging Mad River (Connecticut) flood of 1955—because she was not ready to die.

An American GI who lost an arm in North Africa, returned to a living death at home, and found love more powerful than death.

Tattoo Number 107,907, who with fortitude, honor, and dignity managed to come out of the hell of Auschwitz alive.



"The great themes are love and death; their synthesis is the will to live, and that is what this book is about.

"I believe that man is here to stay in spite of the appalling tools he invents to destroy himself, for it seems to me that he loves this seamy world more than he desires, as he dreads and flirts with, an end to it. Moreover, he has astonishing resources for holding on to his life, no matter how bad it may be, as the stories in this volume show again and again. I do not offer this book as a narcotic to lull our fears lest a few men, unhinged by their power, should try to blast us all. Quite the contrary: I hope this volume will give its readers a draught of adrenalin, that bitter elixir, sufficient sips of which may help to put us on our guard against blunderers, tyrants, madmen, and ourselves."

—*From the author's Prefatory Note*

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ALFRED·A·KNOPF
Publisher of Borzoi Books

A hungry, threadbare man of 40, bereft of possessions, who was determined his family should escape the aftermath of the 1956 Hungarian uprising.

The crew of PT 109 whose flimsy craft was sheared in two by a Japanese destroyer in Jap-controlled waters—seventeen years before one of them became President of the United States.

An "Aryan" Pole who lived through a massacre in a Nazi concentration compound because, while he was no leader, he refused to be a follower.

—and many others, including those citizens of Hiroshima who kept the spark of life alive. The complete text of Mr. Hersey's famous *Hiroshima* concludes this moving book.

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ing equipment waits to turn out regional editions. Besides the cities already mentioned, the *Journal* has linecasting equipment in Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, and San Francisco.

The *Journal* has not stopped with mere Teletypesetter. Last May, it began producing all the seventy thousand copies of its Riverside, California, plant by a unique process. After the paper is set by normal methods in San Francisco (and "normal" means using TTS tapes), proofs of each page are made. Each proof is wrapped around a large drum and transmitted by coaxial cable like a television picture to Riverside, 392 miles away. A film negative of the pictured page is produced there and from this a zinc plate is made. The plate is of such high quality that it can be bent, engraved, and used to print the paper.

Type-casting Reporters

Outside New York, developments in newspaper automation are coming swiftly and dramatically. Last December 1, a week before New York's newspaper shutdown started, an RCA 301 electronic computer was pressed into operation at the Los Angeles *Times*. Subsequently, the same 301 was adapted for use at the West Palm Beach *Post-Times*.

The 301 utilizes tape, too, but its differences from TTS are vast, and its implications extend far beyond the interests of the printers. For one thing, it can handle not only the original story on punched tape but the corrections as well. It digests everything, then spits out a perfect tape that can be fed into a linecaster. RCA says the 301 can punch tape fast enough to fill a twenty-one-inch newspaper column in seventeen seconds, fast enough to keep sixty typesetting machines operating around the clock. For another thing, it eliminates the need for an operator to punch tape. With the 301, the reporter does that and does it without having to learn a new skill.

HERE is how the 301 system works for the Los Angeles *Times:* The reporter or rewrite man pecks out his story just as he always did, except that now he uses an electric typewriter with a paper-punch attachment. Therefore, he produces two things at the same time—a readable copy, which is sent to an editor, and a perforated tape, which goes to the computer room. (Obviously, writers who are sloppy typists are at some disadvantage in this system.) The copy editor pencils in his corrections, just as he always did, and his copy, too, is sent into the computer room. There, a typist operating another electric typewriter prepares a correction tape, which embodies all the changes the editor saw fit to make. This correction tape is spliced to the front of the original story tape and the entire business is fed into the computer's central processor, which digests it at the rate of a thousand characters per second.

The 301 automatically makes all corrections and changes. It hyphenates words and has a logic system so

good that it is able to do this hyphenating according to recommended dictionary propriety ninety-nine per cent of the time. It keeps track of spacing so that all lines are "justified" at the correct width. It eliminates the need for a human typesetter.

The 301—adapted for the Los Angeles *Times* over an eighteen-month period at a cost of $500,000—is expected eventually to save the paper forty per cent in the time required to set editorial copy into type. If it had to, and if linecasting equipment existed that could keep up with it, the 301 could handle 36,000 lines of copy in a single hour, or about enough to fill thirty pages with type.

Although many publishers feel that an investment in the 301 would not be profitable for smaller papers (the Los Angeles *Times* pays $5,170 a month for its computer), Otis Booth, the operations director for the newspaper, contends that any paper with a circulation of fifty thousand or more and at least twenty typesetting machines can make the conversion.

The 301 in operation at the Los Angeles *Times* will probably eliminate at least half of the hundred compositors there in the next few years. The reduction in the work force will be achieved through normal attrition. No compositors had been hired for about a year prior to the installation of the 301, and the paper plans to retrain displaced printers for other jobs. It should be noted that the Los Angeles *Times* has no contract with the ITU, although some of the printers there are union members.

The problems of job displacement created by the 301 are not the exclusive property of printers. The computer can also be used for bookkeeping, and the Los Angeles *Times* foresees the day when it will set classified ads and take care of credit verification and billing at the same time.

BOTH THE USE and the forms of newspaper automation are expanding. The Oklahoma City *Oklahoman* and *Times* have developed a system for producing tape to operate their linecasting machines, built around an IBM 1620 computer. The Louisville *Courier-Journal* and *Times* have used Teletypesetters for several years. In addition, they utilize another electronic typesetting device called Photon, which sets almost all advertising. Photon, a huge machine that works on the scanning-wheel principle, produces a negative of the material to be used. The negative is trimmed, photoengraved, then printed with virtually no make-up needed. The Miami *Herald* and South Bend, Indiana, *Tribune* are reportedly contemplating computerized systems. Machines like the Photon and the 301 make straight TTS operations seem quaint.

Teletypesetting is very common outside New York. Harry Flory, general manager of communications for United Press International, estimates that UPI alone serves some 650 of its

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clients with TTS service. Economic factors notwithstanding, however, there are several major newspapers that would probably have little use for wire-service TTS news stories.

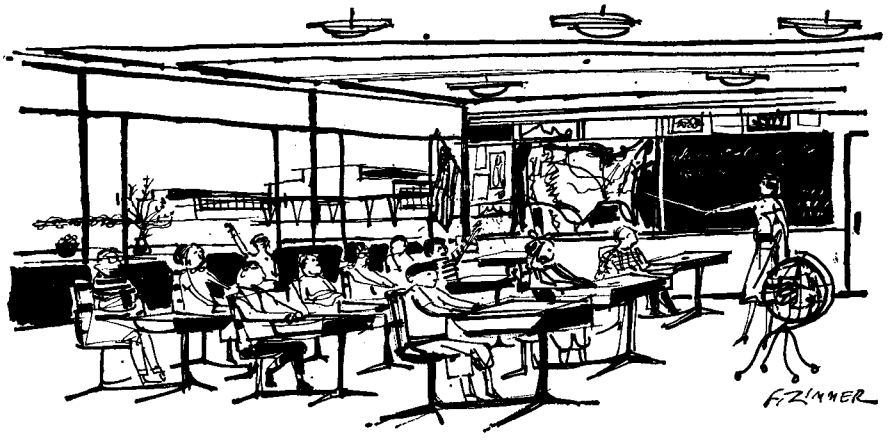
The New York *Times,* for example, wants to use these outside tapes for agate (small type) copy—that is, financial and sports tabulations, or perhaps the text of an important speech. New York dailies like the *Times,* the *Wall Street Journal,* and the *Herald Tribune* are proud of having their own correspondents, and they do not want to surrender this part of their editorial jurisdiction to a wire-service editor. Smaller papers without such resources, however, accept wire-service TTS much more readily.

At the Heart of the Problem

The hodgepodge of accusations and counteraccusations has made it difficult to assess the full importance of the automation issue in the New York strike. The critical factors are whether management will agree to move slowly with it and protect jobholders and whether labor will abjure featherbedding, accept the idea of a smaller union membership through attrition, and sit down to face facts with management. But Powers is telling publishers they may automate only if they do not decrease the job potentialities for ITU members. What does this mean? Does it mean, for example, that if a printer is retrained for a new job at his newspaper, he must remain a member of the ITU? This would certainly bring the ITU into conflict with other unions.

Or does Powers seek to keep the number of composing-room employees static, no matter what the technological advances? This would appear to be a sure road to extensive featherbedding—hardly a sound labor policy or a course that any self-respecting craft should take. Whatever his aims and the motivation behind them, it is clear that the Teletypesetter issue was there long before Powers became president of Local 6 two years ago. He would not have been able to make automation an issue if the New York publishers and the union leadership had had the vision to anticipate the problem and to produce the men capable of coping with it across the bargaining table.

AT HOME & ABROAD



School Aid: Can Dean Keppel Call the Class to Order?

MEL ELFIN

RATHER LIKE anxious students before an exam, the official representatives of American education in Washington spent the late fall and early winter trying to gauge the mood of the Kennedy administration on the perennial and perplexing issue of Federal aid to education. Would the President, after two defeats on Capitol Hill, tread warily in the new Congress? Or would he attack once again?

The guesses varied widely. "Unofficial word from the White House is that aid for education will have top billing (along with medicare) on the Administration's agenda for the new Congress . . . ," ventured a November weekly report of the powerful National Education Association. But a few weeks later the newsletter of the National School Boards Association summed up the outlook with this pessimistic headline: "LOW PRIORITY TO EDUCATION LEGISLATION."

Actually, Mr. Kennedy fulfilled both predictions. Judging by the eloquence of the rhetoric that accompanied his education message of January 29 ("Education is the keystone in the arch of freedom and progress"), it might be assumed that the President would be satisfied with nothing less than major new legislation. Judging by the legislative emphasis the administration had seemed to place on tax reform and tax reductions, however, it might also be assumed that aid to education did not occupy anything like top billing on Mr. Kennedy's "must" list for this session of Congress.

What the Presidential package lacked in urgency it more than made up in size. The proposed National Education Improvement Act of 1963 encompasses twenty-four different programs, ranging from kindergarten to adult education. Among the key items are a $1.5-billion program of selective aid for needy public-school districts; a $1-billion construction loan fund for public, private, and church-related colleges; extension and expansion of the National Defense Education Act of 1958; support for libraries and public junior colleges; and renewal of aid for school districts "impacted" by large numbers of children from military posts and other Federal installations. Mr. Kennedy also requested funds for expanded vocational education, manpower retraining, college extension courses, and even part-time wages

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for students working their way through college.

The President justified bundling this miscellany together on the ground that "Education cannot easily or wisely be divided into separate parts." But, as with his proposals on taxes and agriculture, the strategy seemed dictated at least as much by political considerations as by carefully evaluated needs.

THE STRATEGY behind the omnibus measure was that an all-in-one bill would unite the friends of Federal aid from the many levels of education. It worked to the extent that the Presidential package drew lavish praise from Washington's two major educational organizations—the NEA, which largely represents elementary and secondary education, and the American Council on Education (ACE), which speaks by and large for colleges and universities. In the past, the two groups have sometimes lobbied at cross-purposes on education legislation.

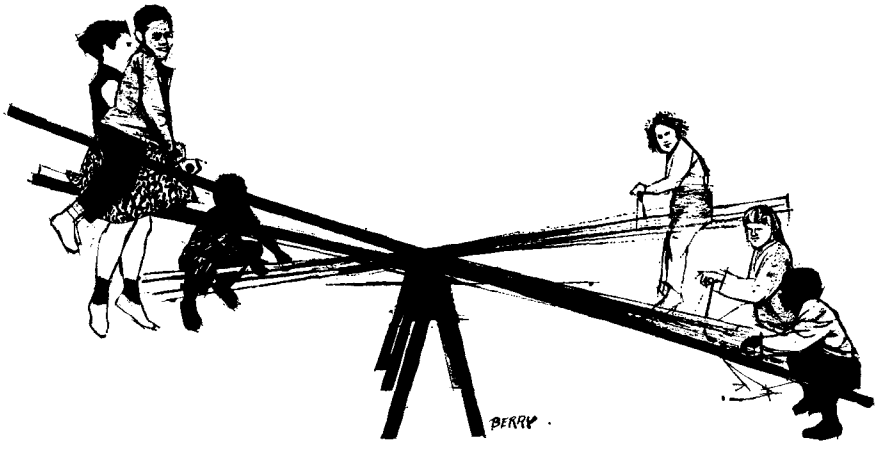
But while the omnibus bill may have united the friends of Federal aid, it also strengthened its enemies, in particular the coalition of Roman Catholics, fiscal conservatives, and Southern segregationists that effectively scuttled aid to education in the last Congress.

Roman Catholics, who face a staggering problem in trying to maintain a separate-but-equal educational system, quickly made it clear that they felt the President's bill still discriminated against parochial schools. Their bristling reaction dispelled the administration's hope that since the omnibus bill included selective rather than general assistance to public schools, the Catholics would hold their fire. But the churchmen refused to go along. At a closed-door meeting in Washington of twenty-one educational organizations, a spokesman for the National Catholic Education Association bluntly told the NEA and the ACE that it would not abandon its demand for inclusion of parochial schools in any aid program for elementary and secondary education.

The religious issue, therefore, remains as divisive and difficult as ever, but it is not the only hurdle for Mr. Kennedy's proposals on Federal aid. In a year when the President is attempting to persuade Congress to authorize a sizable budgetary deficit, the $5.3-billion estimated cost of the omnibus bill has troubled many legislators. Moreover, the scope of the President's program heightened the fears of states'-righters who suspect an administrative plot to usurp the powers of local school boards. Finally, the inclusion of the impacted-areas legislation, now being used by the government as a wedge for the enforcement of school desegregation, was reported to have dampened the enthusiasm of such Southern champions of Federal aid as Lister Hill of Alabama, one of the most powerful voices on education in the Senate.

Mr. Keppel's Baptism of Fire

It is little wonder, then, that proponents of large-scale Federal aid have adopted a distinctly gloomy view of the bill's fate. Certainly the opening hearings on the bill before the House Labor and Education Committee were not very impresssive by any standards. With Chairman Adam Clayton Powell off sunning himself in Puerto Rico, the rest of the committee spent more time feuding about procedures than listening to testimony. The shouting and gavel pounding ended only when Sam M. Gibbons, a freshman congressman from Florida, stalked out of the hearing room, complaining, "I'm sick of this whole thing."



The chaotic sessions provided a baptism of fire on Capitol Hill for the administration's chief witness and new Commissioner of Education, Francis Keppel. Sitting on the edge of his chair throughout his frequently interrupted testimony, the former dean of the Harvard Graduate School of Education maintained an outward calm amid all the bickering. Shortly before he left the witness chair, Keppel was asked somewhat facetiously: "Do you really want to be confirmed?" Smiling, he replied: "Well, sir, I have already resigned from Harvard."

Not that the forty-six-year-old dean need worry about employment. No Education Commissioner in recent history has been held in as much esteem either by a President or by so many divergent educational groups. Whenever a major vacancy has opened up in education during the past few years, Keppel's name has almost always been at or near the top of the list of desirable candidates. Only the friendly persuasion of his former chief at Harvard, McGeorge Bundy, finally induced Keppel to accept what has generally been regarded as a thankless and very nearly hopeless job.

Keppel clearly intended to get off to a good start with Congress. So far, he seems to have succeeded. After an initial reluctance bordering on revolt, the Democrats on the House Education subcommittee voted to support, temporarily at least, the administration's position that the financial ailments of American education can best be treated on a comprehensive basis.

While the congressmen may change their minds again when the bill reaches the floor, Keppel has nonetheless scored a minor personal triumph. White House legislative strategists as well as education specialists took a hand in molding the proposed legislation; but in many of its most imaginative sections, the

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aid-to-education bill bears the Keppel imprint. Apparently it was Keppel, for example, who conceived the formula of selective aid for public and elementary schools. Instead of the general-aid approach of previous bills, the more sophisticated 1963 legislation concentrates on the neediest areas—slum schools, firetrap classrooms, overcrowding, and double sessions. And rather than across-the-board assistance for teachers' salaries, the new bill seeks to apply Federal dollars at the top and at the bottom in order to keep experienced older teachers from going to other fields and to lure able young college graduates into teaching. Also, the selective aid formula was designed only as a stimulant to greater spending by the states and local districts, which would be required to match Federal contributions at increasingly greater rates. Federal support would stop completely after four years.

The program was carefully calculated to do the most good with the least money by assisting the most depressed areas of American public education. But since parochial schools were again excluded for what the President regards as Constitutional reasons, even the limited plan for selective aid to elementary and secondary schools drew the fire of Roman Catholic spokesmen. The possibilities for compromise on this issue seem slim indeed. As a result, the only way of creating a Congressional consensus on education may be to break up the President's package into separate proposals.

THE PRESIDENT, who has pretty clearly indicated that in education as in tax reform he will settle for less than he requested, is almost certain to get a good deal less. The provisions in his bill most likely to succeed are the relatively uncontroversial items for increased support for junior colleges and for vocational education and manpower retraining, programs that are especially popular with labor unions. And despite the grumbling among some Southerners, the outlook is also considered good for renewal of aid to impacted areas. First enacted more than twenty years ago, this legislation has the sanctity of tradition if not of logic.

Under the several statutes now in effect, the Federal government assists some four thousand "Federally affected" school districts, which enroll a third of all public elementary and secondary-school pupils in the nation. Washington has spent almost $3 billion to supplement local school budgets and to build sixty thousand classrooms for 1.7 million pupils in these impacted areas. Until recently almost no one raised any serious questions about a Federal take-over of education in these districts, but whether they were the best places to spend the money is another matter.

At a Congressional hearing last fall, Edith Green, chairman of the House Education subcommittee, pointed out that many of the wealthiest school districts in the country are getting impacted-areas aid. To cite just one example, she pointed out that Montgomery County in Maryland, which contains the wealthy Washington suburbs of Chevy Chase, Bethesda, and Silver Spring, received almost $2.5 million in Federal assistance in 1961 simply because so many of its residents work for government agencies. Mrs. Green questioned whether such areas really deserve this degree of support.

These objections are unlikely to deter Congress from renewing assistance for impacted areas. The prospects for the President's college-construction loan fund are a good deal darker. With a doubling of college enrollment expected during the next decade, there seems little doubt of the need for new academic facilities on the nation's campuses, especially since colleges can already borrow Federal money for such non-academic facilities as student unions and dining halls. The government can finance campus bowling alleys but not classroom buildings.

A bill to aid higher education almost passed last year but ran aground at the last minute. The snag was the omnipresent religious issue. Hard-line church-state separatists, including the NEA, objected to the fact that church-related as well as other private and public institutions would have been eligible for outright government grants in addition to loans for campus construction. This year, the administration has restricted the program to loans, and the NEA has indicated that it will not object, provided the church-related colleges are given no privilege beyond that of borrowing Federal money.

The Surprise Success

The highly emotional religious issue has even cast its shadow on the proposal to renew the proven and popular National Defense Education Act. Some Catholics have suggested that Congress liberalize the NDEA so that they can secure loans to build parochial-school buildings as well as equip parochial-school laboratories. On the other side, Protestants may complicate efforts to renew the bill by opposing the administration plan to extend certain NDEA loan benefits to students who become teachers at church-related schools and colleges. At present, only students who enter teaching in public or nonprofit schools are eligible for these benefits.

Fortunately, these are minor hurdles. The NDEA, enacted during the period of near-hysteria about the state of American education after the Russians sent their first Sputnik into orbit, has been one of the surprising legislative successes of recent years. At first, educational purists doubted whether any permanent benefits would be derived from a crash program passed in the name of "national defense." College authorities, moreover, wondered how many students would take advantage of the low-interest loan program. And many leading universities, including Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, refused to participate in any of the NDEA programs because of the non-Communist disclaimer formerly required of Federal aid recipients.

The skeptics doubt no longer. The NDEA has measurably improved the quality of American education, particularly in the areas of science, mathematics, and foreign languages. Since 1958, more than 490,000 college students have borrowed some $330 million in Federal funds to finance their education. With the aid of matching grants from the states, local school districts have spent some $429 million for new laboratory equipment and for remodeling of classrooms for science, mathematics, and language instruction. The language laboratory, practically unknown before 1958, has now become as familiar a part of the high-school

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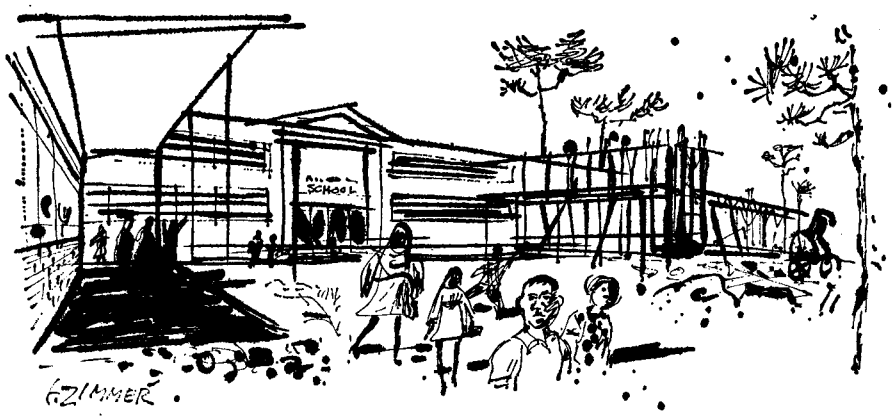
and college scene as the basketball court. In all, $1 billion has been poured into U.S. schools and colleges through the NDEA.

THE PATCHWORK APPROACH is scarcely a new phenomenon. In fact, the National Defense Education Act is merely the latest in a series of more or less successful Federal efforts to aid education by selective programs. While some senators and representatives and the U.S. Chamber of Commerce behave as if the idea were cooked up only yesterday by "those professors in the White House," the national government went into the education business even before there was a House or Senate. In 1777 the Continental Congress took over the responsibility for teaching math to Washington's ragged army. Since then have come such educational landmarks as the Northwest Ordinance of 1787 (in which the Continental Congress set aside proceeds from the sale of public lands to endow schools in the new Western territories); the Morrill Land Grant Acts of 1862 and 1890; the Smith-Hughes Act of 1917 to aid vocational education; the G.I. Bill of Rights of 1944; and the Fulbright Scholarship Act of 1946. The net result of all this is that Federal expenditures on education total almost $1.8 billion a year.

Unfortunately, much of the money is not being spent in an organized and rational manner. As evidence of how program has piled on top of program during the past 150 years, a recent listing of the Federal agencies involved in education ran to twelve printed pages. Few realize, for example, that the Pentagon-operated overseas school system for the children of servicemen is the nation's ninth largest, or that the Department of Agriculture Graduate School enrolls 12,000 students in such courses as oil painting and how to invest in the stock market, or that the Fish and Wildlife Service is responsible for the education of some 200 Aleutian children in the Pribilof Islands.

Shortly before he returned to the University of Utah to teach philosophy, Sterling M. McMurrin, President Kennedy's first Commissioner of Education, summed up the disorganization this way: "There is considerable confusion among the educational programs of the Federal government, with several departments and a large number of agencies involved in administering Federal funds, with little co-ordination and virtually no central planning."



The disorganization will probably grow more serious. If, as many observers believe, the President's omnibus education bill is doomed, then Congress may still be expected to enact piecemeal legislation that will add to the random manner in which Federal dollars are distributed and further diffuse the educational structure in Washington. Although the administration originally designed its educational bill to bring some order into all this chaos, the final result may be just the opposite.

Upgrading USOE

Thus more than ever, there will be a need for a sorting out of the myriad Federal programs in education to eliminate possible waste, potential duplication, and demonstrable conflicts. But beyond dollars and streamlining, what the Federal effort in education most urgently needs is a definition of its limits and a unifying sense of purpose. The only agency in Washington capable of providing that unity and definition is the U.S. Office of Education. For most of its ninety-six years, however, the USOE has been starved for funds by Congress, ignored by a succession of Presidents, and treated with a lack of respect bordering on contempt by the academic world. Today, the Office of Education remains largely a collector of facts and a dispenser of dollars (budget for the year 1962-1963: $649 million), exerting little influence on the course of American education.

Commissioner McMurrin once said it was "unthinkable" that there should not be a separate Department of Education in the near future. This does not mean the creation of a gigantic new bureaucracy headed by a national czar of education. Nor does it imply that the Federal government will take over the direct management of American education. What it does imply is a frank recognition that education is now a vital instrument of national policy.

Realistically, however, Cabinet status for the USOE has even less chance of winning Congressional approval than the President's omnibus aid bill. How, then, can the USOE foster the co-ordination and furnish the educational leadership so desperately needed in Washington?

The best chance would seem to lie with Francis Keppel. No Commissioner of Education has had as great an opportunity to remold the USOE, because none has ever had as direct access to the While House and to the power structure of education. Given Keppel's drive and determination, a long tenure in office ("I'm down here for the duration," he announced upon his arrival in Washington), and the continuation of a reasonable amount of good will on Capitol Hill, Keppel may be able to make the USOE into the essential link between American education and the Federal government.

He can also convince the American people that it is no longer a question of whether there should be Federal aid to education, but of how much aid there should be and how it should be distributed.

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The Illiterate Poets of Somalia

JEANNE CONTINI

MOGADISCIO

BEHIND the political clamor and the elbowing for foreign loans and scholarships common to all the emerging independent countries, another more basic struggle is in progress in the not yet three-year-old Somali Republic. That is the search for an alphabet to express the language spoken by the four to five million Somalis of the African Horn living both within and beyond the national boundaries.

Linguistic authorities support the government claim that a Somali from Djibouti on the French Somali Coast can speak the same language as a Somali living here in the capital or in the Northern Frontier District of Kenya. But they must write each other in one of several foreign languages, of which three prevail within the republic today—English in the formerly British-dominated north, Italian in the south, and Arabic—the language of Islam, the state religion—which is taught in the Koran schools throughout the country.

All official documents must eventually be translated into all three languages. Public-school children speak Somali but are taught to read and write in either English or Italian plus Arabic, depending on where the school is situated. This situation hinders the advance of literacy, and complicates the development of the whole educational system.

Furthermore, the Somalis are threatened with the gradual loss of their literature, a rich body of poetry and legend tenuously preserved in the minds of a few old men. Somali reverence for the artfully spoken word is all-pervasive. Poetry, which is always chanted rather than spoken, has been a traditional vehicle for transmitting folk wisdom from leader to followers, parent to child; for recording historical events; for controlling tempers during public debate at the *shir* or tribal assembly; for refreshing the long night treks of shepherds or warriors.

Poetry became a redoubtable propaganda weapon and a means of communicating secret military commands for Somalia's most controversial personality, Sayid Mohamed Abdullah Hassan, known as the Mad Mullah, a fierce nationalist leader with a genius for guerrilla warfare who plagued British military forces from 1899 to 1920. He compelled the inner circle of loyal followers to commit all of his poetry to memory. It is the few survivors of the Mullah's campaigns who are the living archives of his literature. He showed atrocious cruelty not only to his enemies but also to his own countrymen; no one, however, challenges his supremacy as the nation's greatest poet.

The Mullah composed some of his best lyric poetry about his favorite horses, for whom he felt an extraordinary tenderness. Typical of the special esteem Somalis have for the animals they depend on for their livelihood and sometimes even their lives are these lines, in very approximate translation:

. . . He carries skins of fresh cool milk
which bring about repletion.
A leather-covered saddle too,
a halter and a bit.
Amulets of shining brass,
A swinging collar, colored wool.
A large embroidered rhino shield,
A nicely polished riding whip.
And my long spears,
And me, who talk.
All this he carries
On himself.
And, like a mad bull elephant,
He has a trotting gait.
Nay! he never tires.
Is he not incredible?

If I ride at early morn,
or even after noon,
He is like unrivaled shade.
Is he not a wafting breeze?
If I ride at dead of night,
in the coolness of the night,
He shields me from the watery dew.
Is he not a cloak to me?
If I turn him sharply,
He spins around and darts ahead
Like a vibrant ostrich.
If I should ever lose him,
No greater sadness on this earth.
My grief will surely kill me,
For is he not my only heart? . . ."

The *gabay,* or long epic poem, which is reserved to male poets, is the most important classic form of Somali poetry. It is a strictly disciplined, complicated framework used chiefly to celebrate great events and figures, or deep emotions—friendship, betrayal, patriotism, love. Alliteration rather than rhyme is one of the obligatory rules of composition, and must appear in two key words of each line. Repetition of the same verb in any single *gabay* is regarded as exposing a poverty of imagination. An enormous vocabulary is required and is often beyond the understanding of the average Somali listener. No aspiring young poet has arrived until he can compose a creditable *gabay.*

There are several other forms of poetry—the *geraar,* the *jiifto,* the *masafa,* to mention three—all differing in structure, length, and meter. Sixty years ago, Sheik Ahmed Gabiou sat before his door in the early evening, sipping a cool draught of camel's milk and thinking on the future as he watched the first stars flicker over the sea. He composed a *masafa,* with these prophetic last lines:

Before the end of the world
The Somalis shall be divided in three:
One will live in a palace surrounded
by his guards,
One will continue living in the bush,
drawing
sustenance from the sale of milk,
which he
will carry to town in his *tunji,*
One will die in the dusty street crying
"Somalia!"

Another kind of poetry, which may be sung by either men or women, is the two-line *wilgo.* Its traditional low-pitched tones make it a favorite for sentries singing to keep awake during the long night watch over a sleeping village, and as a secret language for courting couples. For example, here is an exchange between an impatient lover and the pretty young wife of an elderly man who returns home unexpectedly.

The youth sings as he dances with companions on the other side of the village:

How long, oh Aweeya, my beautiful
Aweeya,
Is your village going to stay awake?

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The wife replies as she is milking:

Oh my brown cow, my gentle lovely cow,
Your owner is back seated in front of
the house awaiting your fresh milk.

The husband, listening, decides to put a stop to the nonsense by singing:

I may be no longer young, but am
learned in the arts of war,
Thus it is still dangerous to cross
my keen-edged sword.

While there are well-established settled areas along the fertile banks of Somalia's two serpentine rivers, the unpredictability of rainfall over vast stretches of waterless bush has made the people rely traditionally on livestock rather than agriculture. Even more important, perhaps, is the nomad view that to work the soil and stay in one place all year round is primitive, awkward, and entirely too much for man's patience to bear. A nostalgic farmer composed this expressive lament:

Clouds cover the heavens, rain
is falling everywhere but in
my garden.
I cannot pierce the sky above it,
Nor can I chase the garden like
a flock of camels
Who run with the swiftness of deer
To slake their thirst in the
nearest pond—
O that my garden too might run,
drink, and come back to me.

Politics is often conducted in poetry, with the campaigning party representatives wooing new adherents at a bush rally by means of chants. When a deputy goes home to face his constituents, he is likely to be greeted by a local poet who has improvised a *gabay* in his honor. Tucked away between the strophes paying homage to his accomplishments and ancestors may be a sharp reprimand for his neglect of public works.

UNLIKE the bards and poets, there are no professional storytellers, since every Somali is supposed to be one. Somalia is indeed a nation of spellbinders. From the time of the ancient traders in ivory, hides, and incense, travelers to this strip of dangerous coral-locked coast have been struck by the ability of the most primitive tribesman to express himself in an arresting and colorful way. For such an articulate people, the lack of an alphabet is particularly painful.

Somalis began to be aware of the need for writing their own language at the end of the First World War, when serious attempts to devise an alphabet first were made. Since Arabic is familiar to Somali students of the Koran, it is natural that all the initial efforts to find an alphabet should be based directly or indirectly on Arabic script. This is true of some thirty alphabets devised by Somalis during the last forty years. Unfortunately, according to experts in both Somali and Arabic, basic structural differences in the two languages, including the almost total absence of vowel symbols in Arabic, have so far defeated all experiments in this direction. A further obstacle has been the Moslem religion. Zealots believe any attempt to write Somali would diminish interest in the Shariah, the body of sacred Islamic law.

Having failed with Arabic, a poet named Osman Yusuf Kenadid invented an original alphabet known as Osmania during the Italian colonial period. He taught Osmania in the schools of his own area. But when news of this enterprise reached the ears of the Italians, they banned it and Osman was jailed. All further efforts to devise a means of writing Somali were abandoned for twenty-five years.

The rise of nationalism that followed the Second World War brought about a revival of Osmania. Osman was one of the founding members of the Somali Youth League, which has maintained its influence and controls a strong majority in the present parliament. After the war, Osmania spread to schools in Mogadiscio and other southern centers, but after the first flush of enthusiasm suffered a second temporary eclipse. Actual use revealed several fundamental weaknesses, among others the impossibility of applying Osmania to more than one of the three or four main Somali dialects. More serious was the antipathy engendered by the attitude of its supporters in the face of criticism. They were suspected of being motivated by regional pride and personal loyalty to Osman rather than by an objective appraisal of his script.

There were two brief flare-ups of the language issue during the ten-year Italian Trust Administration. At the outset in 1950, Professor N. M. Moreno, who later published two Somali grammars based on Latin script, told the authorities that the speedy adoption of an alphabet was an indispensable step in the preparations for independence. But when the proposal was put to the first Somali legislature, the deputies decided to table the question because of its far-reaching political implications, until such time as it could be resolved without pressure or interference from the outside. Nevertheless, five years later Bruno Panza, an Italian elementary-school teacher, wrote a Somali-language primer again based on Latin script. With the tacit permission of several high-placed Somali officials, he began to teach his students to read and write according to his own system. The local Italian-language newspaper printed a daily page in Somali based on Panza's script. The page was discontinued after two weeks, and the whole Panza initiative was halted by opposition from the conservative religious element, which considered Latin script a "Christian" alphabet unsuitable for a Moslem state. Stocks of Panza's primers are still moldering in a government warehouse.

A FEW MONTHS after independence in September, 1960, parliament asked the government to appoint a committee to investigate the best means of writing Somali and make a report. The committee concentrated on the three most important potential alphabets of the many submitted for consideration—Arabic, Osmania, and Latin. It turned in a report more than a year ago, still unpublished, which is said to favor Latin.

This decision would be satisfactory

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both technically and practically. As explained by Frank Mahoney, an American anthropologist who has spent two years in Somalia studying the language, "Latin script offers the best phonetic fit for Somali." He added that there is a broad continuum of language throughout the republic, whose differences are no greater than those between British and American English. The Latin alphabet is apparently flexible enough to embrace the variations in dialect that created a problem for Osmania.

From the practical viewpoint, Latin characters are used by about seventy countries today, including Communist China, and are employed internationally for telegraphy and higher mathematics. In addition, Latin script poses no economic problems in the area of special type for modern printing equipment. There is already in existence a small international library of Somali grammars based on Latin script prepared by British, German, and Italian scholars since the turn of the century. Obviously, it would be quicker and easier to take advantage of this spadework than to strike out in a brand new direction.

On the other hand, the solutions dictated by logic and economy are not necessarily the best, as many foreign experts have discovered to their chagrin here and elsewhere in Africa. When the efficient occidental approach cuts across local custom and traditions, it can multiply the problems it set out to solve. This may well prove true of the search for a Somali alphabet. The profound religious feeling that binds Somalia to the rest of the Moslem world may eventually triumph over the obstacles to the adaptation of Arabic symbols. Or the satisfaction of utilizing Osmania may provide a sufficiently strong incentive to iron out the difficulties in this product of Somali ingenuity.

Whatever the final choice may be, and no one can predict the outcome, even the contending factions recognize that it must be made soon, before the elderly followers of the Mad Mullah, who carry the Somali literary heritage in their heads, have all died off. To those who know it, that heritage is too rich to be lost.

Castro and Khrushchev: The Ties That Bind

PANATELA

HAVANA

How can the Castro régime, now entering its fifth year, survive the economic crisis that besets the island? The Cuban economy is very sick indeed, and in some ways it is difficult to understand how the Maximum Leader has lasted as long as he has. A traveler who had not visited Cuba in the last two years would not recognize the place. Rationing has been extended to clothing and shoes. Elevators don't run and there is no water above the first floors of buildings. The ministry of public works sends water tanks on trucks, and people stand patiently in line with pails and pots and pans to get their water. Frequent breakdowns in the supply of gas have obliged scores of families to cook their meals on old-fashioned alcohol burners.

The sugar crop, in spite of the government's daily propaganda appeals for "voluntary workers" to cut the cane standing in the fields, will not be any better than last year, when it was under five million tons—almost thirty per cent below the 1961 level. It would take iron discipline and mathematical precision to run the gigantic and ever-increasing bureaucracy that stifles every form of endeavor down to the level of the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker, and there is no end in sight.

The case of the shoemakers is a prime example. Little by little, the state has taken over their small shops. On paper, official control and the establishment of the big government-run shops should produce fast, dependable service. In practice, one has to wait about four weeks for a half-sole job and one is lucky indeed if the shoes are not lost. What is more, the job now costs four pesos instead of the one and a half pesos that was standard in pre-Castro days.

The practice of "socialist emulation" by which Minister of Industries Ernesto "Che" Guevara had hoped to spur the workers into vigorous competition with each other has not yet demonstrated that it can increase production or lessen absenteeism. And a massive bureaucracy has certainly not made up for the lack of specialists and management personnel needed to run the companies Castro has nationalized. The resulting paralysis may be dramatized in the fact that on this tropic island it is necessary to have a doctor's prescription and the approval of the district Committee of Defense to buy five oranges. The same august body's permission is necessary to get a TV set repaired.

"These Cubans are a remarkable lot," a foreign Communist said to me recently. "They should all be dead of hunger after all the blunders they have made. The real miracle is that they still have anything left at all."

The precious supplies that have kept the Cuban economy as a whole from dying of hunger have come from the Soviet bloc. Despite Castro's political flirtation with the Communist Chinese, his economic dependence on the Russians is great and is increasing from day to day. A well-known Yugoslav journalist said recently: "Cuba's heart may be in Peking, but its pocketbook is in Moscow." And for their part, the Russians have apparently concluded that they have to keep Castro's régime propped up with economic assistance despite the long lines of

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communication and the abysmal conditions on the island.

Heavy machinery, trucks, and spare parts all bear the legend "Made in the U.S.S.R." But most important of all, the Soviet Union has been providing Cuba with all of its oil. The present crisis has cut oil consumption by a third, but oil is still the only source of power in Cuba. Guevara himself has admitted that a delay of even a few days in oil deliveries would cause industrial activities to grind to a halt. There are no reserves of oil or gasoline on the island, and in this regard Moscow has Cuba completely at its mercy. You might say that Cuba is also at the mercy of the United States; but the interception of Soviet tankers at sea could easily involve gunfire, and even President Kennedy's quarantine of last October allowed the Soviet Union's tankers to go through.

Soviet aid to Cuba is difficult and costly, especially for a country that has trouble satisfying the needs of its own people. The Soviets have never had great surpluses. The total value of their exports is just under $6 billion. Of this amount, an increasing share is going to Cuba. Cuba receives thirteen per cent of the crude oil exported by the Soviet Union, forty per cent of the flour, fifty per cent of the condensed milk, and no less than eighty-seven per cent of Russia's total exports of canned meats. U.N. statistics show that, proportionally speaking, a far greater share of Soviet exports go to Cuba than to Communist China.

THE SOVIET UNION obviously can help Cuba, but there is no getting around the fact that the products Cuba needs most are far from abundant in Russia. What is more, Cuba's needs are growing bigger rather than smaller. And since the U.S.S.R. has other commitments in Asia and Africa, the Cuban load is bound to prove very taxing. Nevertheless, at this point Khrushchev feels that he needs Castro for political reasons nearly as much as Castro needs Khrushchev for economic reasons. It is certainly a marriage of convenience, but for the time being at any rate a divorce is not likely. For better or worse, they are stuck with each other.

The Freeze

A personal view of Britain's coldest winter

NOEL MOSTERT

GRUMBLING is a British art. It's a sort of national interior monologue, the only British resort to overstatement, which makes it dangerous in the unskilled hands of visitors, particularly visitors from North America like me.

The British, as we all know, love to joke about their climate but stubbornly refuse to admit its existence. They don't equip their cities, their roads, their trains, their houses, or themselves for it. Central heating is still regarded by many people as part of the inexplicable American folly. There are no double windows. Pipes are run outside the buildings, where, of course, they freeze solid.

This little tale starts the day before de Gaulle's now-celebrated press conference in Paris. Britain already was suffering the cumulative effect of the worst winter on record, and my apartment building, like so many others, was in a sorry state.

The electricity had become whimsical, with sudden power cuts of indefinite duration. The gas in the water heater had dimmed to the point where it couldn't even provide lukewarm water. But if you had a bath or washed a teacup you had to leave the water standing because the outside pipes were blocked and it couldn't escape from the building. If you pulled out the plugs you flooded the neighbors below, which is where things went wrong.

The neighbors are a curious cross section. Next door to me are three girls, who seem to me not gainfully employed. I have never inquired. Below us are two spinster ladies, the Misses Baker and Milton, and below them is a retired army officer. He, in turn, is above two shops, which makes it a long descent to the street.

When I first moved in I had presumed that some form of janitor service was putting the milk outside my door and the mail through the slot and bringing up the newspapers before breakfast. But on my way out earlier than usual one morning I met Miss Baker on the stairs, puffing, her arms laden with letters and bottles and papers. Everything apparently was deposited at street level.

"Oh, not at all, not at all," she murmured when I thanked her. "It's nothing at all, really. Have to go down anyway, you know."

"You should have let me know," I protested. "Do you all take turns?"

"That lot up there? Never. It would never occur to them. Dreadful creatures. Did you hear them last night? No? Well I don't know how you could have failed to. Anyway, the colonel has a poor leg so I do it for all of us."

THEREAFTER I saw to it that I was down early in the morning to bring everything up, and was duly commended for my chivalry; by the girls as well. But that was as far as familiarity went and we all remained polite but distant. This was fine by me because it protected me from the fierce altercation steadily maintained between the girls and the Misses Baker and Milton.

The girls have working-class accents and they dress like Brigitte Bardot. Their boy friends, who talk the same way, wear a very slim line and drive fast cars. Like most young people in Britain today, they all seem to have a lot of money. The empties they put in the garbage can are whisky and Pernod. They wear Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament badges and are accompanied by transistor radios wherever they go. They twist most nights to all hours and their visitors sometimes ring the wrong bells at three in the morning. It all seemed to be a pretty straight conflict between the new Britain and the old.

It was with a great deal of misgiving, therefore—on the day before de Gaulle's bombshell—that I heard

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my doorbell ring during the middle of a particularly violent session. I had just emerged from the bath and the bell had rung several times, ever more urgently, as I pulled on my clothes.

The girls were in their own doorway, looking very sullen. Miss Baker had rung my bell and she was clearly agitated. "Do forgive me, but have you let some water go?"

"Why, yes, the bath."

"You see!" one of the girls yelled. "Didn't I tell you it wasn't us?" They crowded back inside their flat and slammed the door.

"It's flooding our kitchen and going through the floor onto the colonel below," Miss Baker said.

"I'll give you a hand," I said.

The bath water had burst up through their sink, as if from a fountain, and had spread across the floor, where it was half an inch deep. It was seeping through the ceiling onto the colonel's collection of military flags and trophies in his living room below. The colonel and Miss Milton were bailing desperately from the overflowing sink and running to the toilet. Miss Baker and I mopped up as best we could, and then we all went down to clean up for the colonel. I apologized profusely.

"Well, it's not really your fault," Miss Baker said generously. "We should have warned you to keep your plugs in."

"Decent of you to come down, though," the colonel said.

"We had a lot of trouble with those girls last year over the same thing," Miss Baker said. "I thought they were to blame, that's what the row was about."

"Poor lot, that," the colonel said. "Poor lot. That's why the country has become what it is."

"It's the unions and people like that who run us now," Miss Baker said. "It's the new revolution we're told."

"Bloody Egyptians," the colonel said.

"Twenty-five years ago they'd have been domestics," Miss Milton said, regretfully.

"We've been living here almost thirty years," Miss Baker said. "We sat in this room listening to the bombs drop. Long before they were born. Now we must listen to their thumping."

"Might as well be a White Russian in Shanghai as an Englishman in England," the colonel said. "Same difference. Now they want us to go into Europe. What the hell is one British for?"

"We'll have the French and Germans and, God help us, the Italians telling us what to do," Miss Baker said.

"Bloody Egyptians," the colonel said.

"If I were a young man like you I'd get out of England," Miss Baker said. "I really can't understand why you would want to come and stay here. Leave England to those of us who have no alternative. She's finished, poor old thing."

I went back to my flat and dutifully put the plugs in the bath, the washbasin, and the sink. But all my taps, like most British taps of my acquaintance, leak steadily and, aside from the symphony of drips, I became despondent watching all three get fuller and fuller. I thought about what Miss Baker had said, and my mood wasn't improved by the reports on the state of Britain that night.

Was there any other northern country where the railway switches were so ill equipped as to freeze? Much of Britain was paralyzed. Transport had stopped or slowed to a crawl. There were power blackouts everywhere and shortages of water, coal, gas, and oil. Industries were closing and unemployment was rising. A Gallup Poll said that forty-five per cent of the under twenty-fives would leave the country if they could. I had the 'flu because I had found it impossible to find a pair of overshoes. What the hell *was* I doing here, I asked myself.

These thoughts were still in my mind in the morning when I went down to the bathroom, and I was also absorbed in a radio commentary from Paris on the de Gaulle press conference. The bath was brimming and I yanked the plug. It was only the last gurgling rush through the outlet that brought me to my senses.

I am a coward and my first instinct was to flee, and the feeling became outright panic when I heard an outburst in the hall. I heard Miss Baker's voice, high above the others: "I know quite definitely it's not that young man this time." Then my doorbell rang.

I wanted to pretend I wasn't there or to plead that I had an ignorant overnight guest, anything; but I crawled to the door and stammered my apologies. Miss Baker stared at me in disbelief, and the girls with unrestrained fury.

"But I did warn you," Miss Baker said.

"I know," I said miserably. "I just wasn't thinking, believe me."

"You see!" one of the girls said once more. "You see! Didn't I tell you? Don't come hammering here again."

Bang went their door. I could hear their indignation amongst themselves as I rushed below with Miss Baker.

"Poor show, old chap," the colonel said. "Jolly poor show."

"I did warn you," Miss Baker said. "Really, that was most humiliating."

My hands felt frozen from the icy water we'd been mopping and I was fed up. "But why can't they do something about the pipes?" I asked. "Just insulate them or something. It's all these little things that have allowed a bit of bad weather to cripple the country."

"We're not crippled," Miss Baker said angrily. "You transatlantic people are much too spoiled. We know we aren't popular, but then, we've never been. We weren't liked when we had our empire and we seem to be liked even less without it. But England will manage for a great deal longer. Everyone thinks we're finished. But so did Bonaparte, the Kaiser, and Hitler in their time. Now it's that dreadful de Gaulle."

"Saved that blighter's skin, now he turns on us," the colonel said.

"But aren't you relieved?" I asked. "I thought you were so against going into Europe."

"You don't understand," Miss Milton said.

"I don't believe you do," Miss Baker agreed. Then, "Really, please don't bother any more. We can manage here."

My newspapers, my milk, and the mail were brought up the following morning before I could get downstairs.

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Winter Flight, Blind Companion

MARYA MANNES

I will fasten your seat belt. There.
It says No Smoking . . . the ashtray is here. Outside,
the hooded mouths of the jets have an avid look
like gargoyles gaping; strain and whine
on the pilot's leash.
We hold
for the plane ahead: the long white body like ours,
half fish, with an intent, belligerent snout, low brow,
high tail, and brooding wings. Now, it turns
slowly into the runway; now it gathers
mightily power, moves, accelerates, lifts. Now four dark veils
trail from its engines.
Now we turn, straighten,
gird; whine, move forward, now with a mighty surge
(the muscles of Pegasus contract!), snout up,
swallow the sky!

We are over water, wheeling. The sea is molten,
clogged near the edges of land with crackled ice,
gray-white. Now far below,
dogged by its little wake a little ship
points innocently outward (she knows where) . . .

We are now over land and heading west, northwest.
Did I say land?
A cemetery of houses, a gray
stencil etched on the frozen earth of which
no earth appears: a frameless monochrome
abstraction, grid and grid.
In spring, I grant you, and summer, the pattern's
picked in green; and at night even these
cold grids are brilliant on blackness, the most enchanting
delicacy of diamonds, and here and there
garnet or emerald fires. But now
in the frozen day, Megalopolis is
a crusted sore on the prone flesh of the land,
spreading.
From here
that life in this dead proliferation breathes
is hard to believe. From our ten thousand feet there is
no sign of life; the reason why
it looks like a cemetery as well as a sore.

Over New York,
London, Paris, Rome, there is a design:
the jostle and overlay of age
upon age that makes an accretion of grand
desires along with the meannesses. But these
interminable shelters spread below—
coreless, with no peripheries, no end—
are the ashes of spirit.

II

Now, at last,
the land appears. We are over lakes and hill, the pewter
lakes, the hills
snow-humped, the habitations
infinitesimal and barely seen:
a dot by a lake or fork, a tiny
huddle of barns; the homes
of separate people. I think you might be filled
with a certain peace to see how men and hills
lie down together and how
there is more life in this loneliness than in
the house-by-house geometry of suburbs.
Yet they say
the rural way is past and untenable, dividing
man from money—but I
rejoice at the presence of hills and absence of men.

There is nothing but hills and more hills and more lakes—
round, thin, cucumberish, or just
slivers of ice.
If I were a child below
I would spend my time looking down at the dark tea-water,
astraddle the limbs as the low boughs bend on the lake; or now
skating with frosty breath on the glassy black.

The snow is deeper now: whipped cream
on the shallow valleys, the tissued crumple

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of paper on pleated hills.
Between,
the arrested writhe of snakes (the streams
iced over) and the wider rivers
paralyzed in their coils and stippled on
with dots of drift.
The powdered earth
is scribbled by a thin old spidery hand, or scored
by the ruler of great roads in rigid
destination. It is as if
only the roads knew where they went, the rest—
the myriad little marks on the white waste—
were quirks of earth or man, and meaningless.
And yet
there is a design. I cannot tell you why,
but the whole is whole. I wish the painters who summon
pieces of this whole pattern out of an instant
insight would observe
the real design: look at this outer world
instead of themselves; perceive in humility
this fact.
They make the shapes and lines
but miss the reason. You ask what reason, and I can only
answer:
Life.
A layer of clouds
Is drifting between us and the ground. Sometimes
it is hard to know whether the white is cloud
or snow. But through the holes
I can see the powdered furry backs
of the higher ridges, and then a slant of cliff
black shining wet; and still those few
infinitesimal houses next to nothing . . .
but now
the intervening white has blanked it all:
we are riding a muffled carpet of cloud,
sky-wide. I can show you
nothing.

III

Inside
this aiming capsule full of faceless men
sleeping or jotting notes on pages in folders, the only
beauty lies in the stewardess, her retreating calves
thin pedestals of grace, her feathered hair
glossy under her tilted cap. Now she returns—
clear-skinned, dark-eyed—with trays and the wide smile
(all perfect teeth) of drilled solicitude, and puts
this dish before you: five half-frozen shrimps
wreathing a tiny pot of sauce, resting
on virgin lettuce.
"We are now at an altitude of thirty thousand feet, our
cruising speed five hundred and fifty miles per hour against
headwinds of thirty, bringing our ground speed to approxi-
mately
five hundred and twenty. We are now
approaching Buffalo; our route will pass
over Lake Erie, Detroit, Grand Rapids, Lake Michigan,
and Milwaukee. There is a low cloud cover but otherwise
the weather is fair, with little turbulence."
Here is the main course; in the menu it says:
Tournedos Béarnaise with Pommes Soufflées,
Petits Pois Parisiennes, a lovely sound
to turn in the mouth. But you may find
a tepid lump for the blunt knife to tear,
the potatoes steamed to listlessness, and the peas
too far from Paris. But the airlines must
keep to their word: to these men here
the shadow is more than substance and they feel
First Class.
The cup on your right?
Dessert, pinkish and cold, with a spiral of
whipped cream. It's better than it looks; if I were you
I'd skip the rolls. Like most of the public bread
it makes a virtue of no taste, so that
no palate can find offense in difference.

IV

The cover is thinning; I think this is Michigan, I see
a flatness of white, immeasurably wide, and again,
the gouache of painters pasting white on white
in squares. There are
crosshatchings, barely visible, where
the drifted roads must be, and tiny
waverings of paths between
the far-flung settlements. The winter shroud
is massive, impenetrable. What stirs
in this stifled world? The invisible,
sitting in one small stuffy room watching
the cowboys canter a sunny range.

But still,
this land is awesome; it expands the heart
with a wide and boundless loving. From this high
you bless it like a divinity, you yearn
over your naked land, exposed
in might and innocence. You think, how brave
these tiny people are to live at all.

Ah, now,
the mysterious signal of a boundary: a vast
new spread of cloud that curves
where the coast must be . . . the great cloud mantle
over Lake Michigan. Oh yes, I see
the clean-edged crescent of the shore and then
ocean. You cannot call it lake, the word contracts
the vision. And now
cloud covers it again: the sea's damp breath
condensed, concealing; sealed.

V

In your sleep
nothing was missed: the cloud lay all the way
until just now. We are over the Black Hills
of Dakota. Yes, they are
exactly what we imagine: spiny, black,
desolate, barren, like a demon's lair
or the seat of evil gods: a negative
Valhalla. Their black sides

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shrug off even the gentle touch of snow, refuse
ingratiation.
If the plane crashed here
no one would find us, ever. Hurry, plane,
leave this malignity behind. I feel these dark
rock ranges lurking low in wait
for disaster. And yet, in a certain way,
they stir the pulse. . . .
They deserve
a cover of summer thunderheads, those mighty
towers of cloud; the highest temple
of elements with angry anvil heads topping immense
billowing pillars, lightning in their bowels. . . .
They catch the breath
with awe: their might of water and air
matches the mountains; buffets the metal bark that rides
their violence.
Now, these mild clouds
are irregular shreds of cotton, and between,
Wyoming. I'll keep watch
for the Rockies.

VI

From this high up,
thrusting their jagged peaks at our underbelly they still
seem huge; but the mightier
are far to the right and half obscured by cloud. Their great
rough flanks remind me of old beasts
in hibernation; in the caves of cloud.
If you saw them I think you would feel, as I do, an immense
pride, you would want to hymn
their praise. "Beloved Rockies . . .
great mountains, take my love: you are
my country, my beloved."

Strange, from air
it is possible to embrace a continent, adore
each aspect, from the rolling summer green
of Eastern counties to the endless tan
carpet of Texan miles, thousand on thousand . . .
to wonder
unceasingly about those ruled
interminable lines across this earth, the roads
with no beginning and no end, so purely straight
they are more Martian than mortal. Who
laid them inexorably across this plain, what men
live in this squared-off emptiness, one whole
day from the other? How did they
come in the first place, say, "Here we will stay," when every
mile
looks like another? But this is the air's illusion. Down below
no acre is like another. A bush, a tree,
a boulder, a hillock invisible
to us, make all the difference between
My Home and His.

They say
we are over Reno now on our left, but nothing suggests
divorce or gambling. You see a bowl in fluted
hills and a sort of sprawling town. You imagine sun,
women released or desperate, and brown
cowhands as short-term fantasies. . . .
Now even they
succumb to cloud.

VII

This must be
California. I remember the sunburned
wrapping-paper tan of the bare hills
folded among themselves; and in between
blue candid lakes the color of captains' eyes
in a weathered skin . . . the intervening
flats turning their blind faces to the parching
blaze.
I think of words:
arroyo—gully—dry; and stubbled men
scuffing and stumbling on the caking earth,
with dry canteens.

Funny, far to the right—
oh, very far—there's a white cloud. Strange,
coming from nowhere, out of the blue in fact, and not
like the other scattered puffs in this pure
vault.
It never changes shape, it is a white
pyramid. My God, no cloud! Shasta!
It must be Shasta, the glorious single mountain raising
its blinding head to the heavens. O beautiful
and miraculous! Imagine this: hold in your mind's dark eye
this perfect distant dream, this purest goal
for the yearning heart! Oh, if only all
the crowded, wasted tormented could see her now,
some measure of light and love would flame between
them and this mountain. Shasta is
Divinity, the queen
of transfiguration. I will worship her
with my whole soul.

"We are now beginning our descent
into San Francisco. The temperature there
is fifty-five, Pacific Time is 2 P.M. and we should land
at International Airport in about
fifteen minutes from now."
Shasta, farewell.
You light my days and dreams, you guard
the land I love.
From this high plane,
so far from man, loving
is easy.
Fasten your seat belt now.
The fog rolls in . . .

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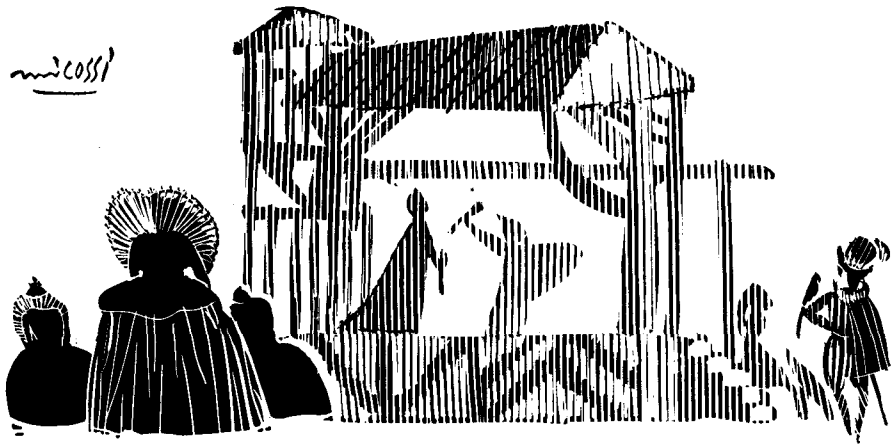

'As Flies to Wanton Boys'

TOM F. DRIVER

"THE LEAR of Shakespeare cannot be acted," said Charles Lamb, and for a hundred years his verdict was doctrine in the schools. But Lamb was wrong.

The problem of staging *Lear* is not fundamentally a problem of staging at all. *King Lear* can be acted if it can be *read*. The difficulty is that the play is so uncompromising, so pure in both form and substance, that most readers fail to accept what they read. For more than a century, editors freely amended the text to suit their own preconceptions. We are now beginning to let it speak for itself. L. C. Knights has remarked that *Hamlet* was *the* Shakespearean play for the nineteenth century, *King Lear* for the twentieth. Peter Brook's production for the Royal Shakespeare Theatre in England will go far toward confirming that judgment.

Although Brook's interpretation of the text is slanted, he has done the play a great service by showing where every interpretation must start. More: that by starting there, we discover not merely that the play is actable, which we already knew, but that in this quality very few plays surpass it.

What is that starting point? It is what Martin Esslin has called "the theatre of the absurd." That is, we start where our contemporary drama is most alive, for if *King Lear* belongs to us it will also belong in some way to our own profoundest theatrical idiom.

This point of departure was apparently suggested to Brook by the Polish critic Jan Kott. The latter's essay, *"King Lear*, Otherwise Called *Endgame,"* has appeared in French in Kott's book, *Shakespeare Notre Contemporain*. It is a remarkable essay. Kott sees *King Lear*, written at the decline of the Renaissance in the midst of social, religious, and philosophical upheaval, as an anticipation of Ionesco, Duerrenmatt, and Beckett. Rather, he sees these, especially Beckett, as offering us distillations from *King Lear*.

A DIRECTOR reading a critic must think first of his stage. Knowing this, Kott proved himself a wise critic. He is mindful that Beckett's themes are inseparable from his use of the stage, which is at once primitive and sophisticated; and Kott shows that Shakespeare's approach to the stage was similar in *King Lear*. *Lear* is no more a tragedy than is *Endgame*. It is not a history play, and it is not about "the education of Lear." It is theatre of the grotesque, a serious farce for weeping clowns. This insight Brook wisely leapt upon, and thereby opened a new chapter in the stage history of the play.

We enter the theatre to find a stage almost bare: a cyclorama grayish-white, and two movable white flats angling to the sides, by one of them a wooden table bearing a decanter and a few other utensils. Over the table hangs a large rectangle of tarnished bronze, later to become a thunder sheet. There are three wooden benches. The design is Brook's and is completed by the costumes of the actors. They wear leather. It is cut just full enough to suggest the beginnings of royal elegance, but it remains harsh, the garb of people who dare not relax. We know we are in history, but we do not know precisely when or where. The visual tone of the play's opening is maintained throughout: gray-white for Nature devoid of Beauty; bronze, leather, and wood for civilization without comfort. The only things added will be nakedness and rags.

Every stage effect in the production stems from theatre-thinking, not from illusion-making. For instance, the storm. Brook has eschewed both a full-blown storm with lights and sound effects (which everyone now knows to be a mistake) and also a purely verbal storm created by the lines. He simply lowers from the fly gallery three large thunder sheets in bronze and lets us see them speak. The effect is at once theatrical and shattering, and not a line is lost. Again, the battle in Act V, Scene 2, is unforgettable because it is as simple as Shakespeare asks it to be. We hear the fighting offstage; we see nothing but Gloucester (Alan Webb) seated cross-legged downstage center under a bleak sky, facing us without passion or comprehension, like some blinded toad waiting for events to do whatever they will.

By this technique of giving the eyes their own work to do without duplicating what the ears tell us, Brook brings scene after scene strongly to life. Gloucester's leap from the nonexistent Cliffs of Dover, pantomimed on a flat stage, becomes an excruciating bit of mock tragedy. When Cornwall puts out Gloucester's eyes with the spurs of his boots, we stare as if this looking might be our last. Even the opening scene in which Lear, full of rage and abdication, zealously rewards his

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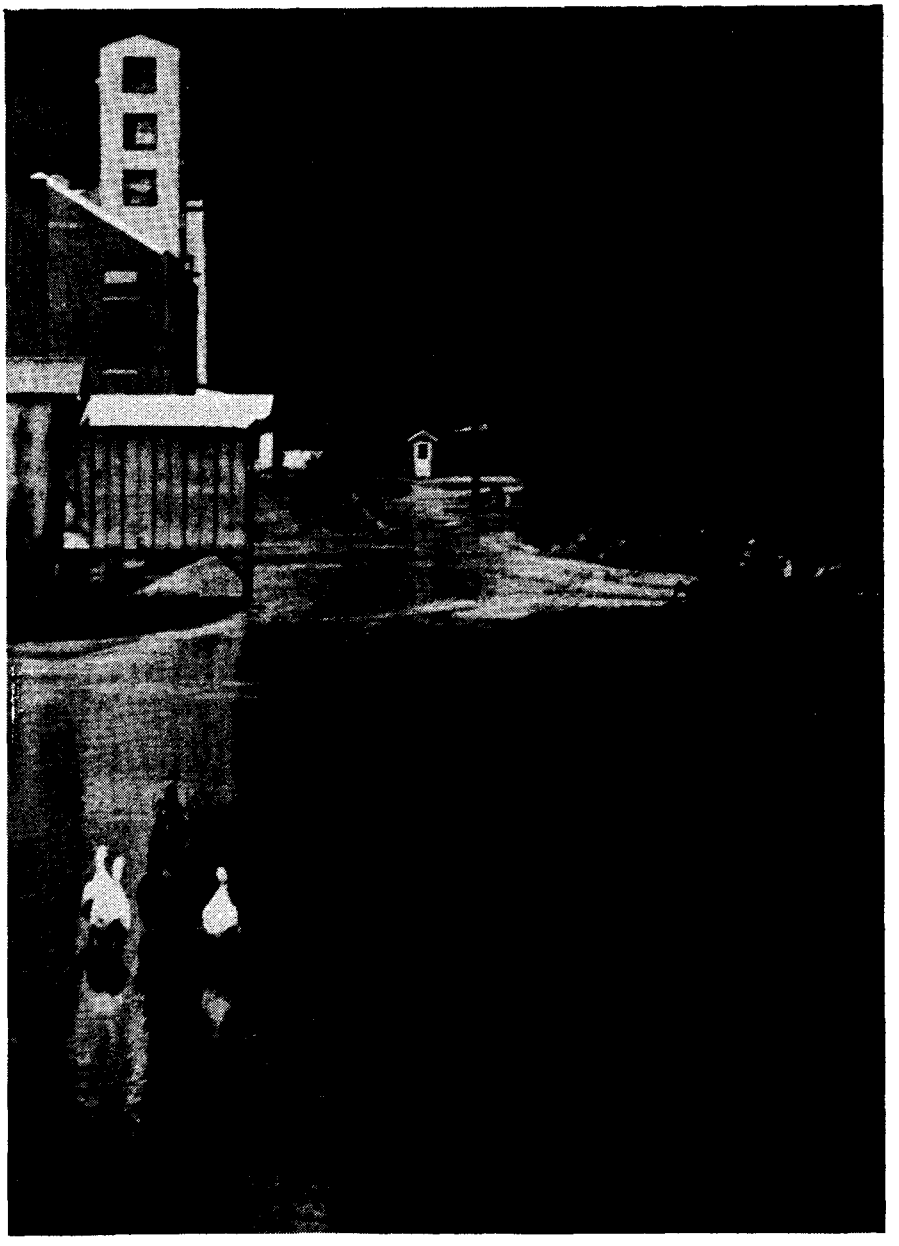
enemies and exiles his friends, is credible—in the way that the first strokes put onto a large canvas by an angry Picasso might, if we saw them, be justified by their intensity.

One is struck by Brook's reading of the psychological relationships between the characters. Instead of allowing us to be dumfounded by the wickedness of Goneril and Regan, he has got his actresses (Irene Worth and Patience Collier) to play them cool, so that in the beginning, at least, we can observe their practical shrewdness. We are shown how different they are. Masculine Goneril has married, in the Duke of Albany, a weak man, almost virtuous, while Regan desires to be dominated by her husband as well as her sister. Almost every character, however minor, stands forth clearly, thanks to minimal cutting and unhurried pace.

As LEAR, Paul Scofield's performance is a rare achievement—so carefully controlled that we almost forget to notice how he reins it in, the better to make subtleties count. His Lear is aged but of great physical strength. He has no wisdom, but he is a man to be reckoned with. Goneril will do the reckoning. When he arrives at her house with his hundred knights, the "disorder'd rabble" of which she speaks, a bunch of insolent swaggerers in leather jackets, led by a man used to having his way, it is a little as if a senile Marlon Brando had come with a hundred wild ones. When she puts them out, his long gaze at her is flint-hard while, with one deliberate gesture, he overturns the great oval table set with supper and thus signals his gang to wreck the place. It is a family brawl writ large, and it hardens the conflict into a vendetta from which there shall be no escape.

Scofield's performance, at one with the production, is powdery dry in spite of its violence. We are beyond tears, beyond the springs of charity, in everybody's old age where the juices have ceased to flow. Things grate. We grind our way further and further into deep holes of suffering, and the sound of our scraping fingernails is answered by thunder from an otherwise empty heaven. There is no *peripeteia,*



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hardly even the turning of a corner into a blind alley. There is only descent, through various strata, to the bottom. And even this, like Gloucester's leap, leaves us where we begin. "When we are born, we cry that we are come/To this great stage of fools."

I HAVE NOT yet spoken of Cordelia. On this subject one must speak carefully, for it is easy to sentimentalize the play through exalting Cordelia too much. It is a question of a balance that is often upset in her favor but that has been upset by Brook to her neglect. Let two details suffice. First, costume. The leather habits do well for most of Brook's production, but when worn by Cordelia they deprive her of her one essential endowment: undissembling graciousness. Leather is a shield, but Cordelia must be unshielded. Second, Brook has deliberately "thrown away" the scene in which Lear, formerly mad, awakes in his "own kingdom" to find the daughter he has wronged kneeling in forgiveness before him:

> I know you do not love me; for your sisters
> Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
> You have some cause, they have not.

Her reply, "No cause, no cause," must fly with the wings of peace. Yet Brook has her struggle to her feet, cross away from the old man, and mutter the words as if something unnatural forced her to say them. In the world Brook has shown us, forgiveness has no meaning. It is only another expression of futility.

It is worth observing that in Jan Kott's essay on *Lear* there is no discussion of Cordelia, nor of Kent, nor of Edgar's devotion to his father. Kott's slighting of these selfless characters was not necessitated by his thesis that *Lear* is Shakespeare's *Endgame.* On the contrary, their inclusion would have made the thesis stronger. Kott himself observes of *King Lear*: "Of the twelve principal characters, half are just, the other half unjust. Half are good, half evil. The division is every bit as logical and abstract as in a morality." True. And it would be true also to observe a similar balance of good and evil, hope and despair, love and cruelty, in the plays of Beckett. The very hallmark of the theatre of the absurd is its refusal to tip the scales. In playing down the graciousness of Cordelia and the devotion of Edgar and Kent, Brook and Kott both tip the scales of *Lear* on the side of evil, thus making it into a clearer statement than Shakespeare intended.

The hero of tragedy chooses his fate. The protagonist in the play of the absurd does not have a fate, because he does not choose it. Only his choice can turn a meaningless existence into a destiny. His suffering is therefore the greater, because he is torn apart by the struggle between sense and absurdity. The greatest absurdity is that not all is absurd; the greatest evil, that good exists. The grotesque protagonist is either paralyzed by this situation or driven mad. In either case, he cannot choose, cannot break the circle forged by the interdependence of mutually exclusive realities. That is why a good *Lear* cannot do without a strong Cordelia. Being the focal point for that half of the play in which goodness dwells, she is indispensable to the grotesque.

THE MOST TERRIFYING thing about *King Lear* is that Lear dies before he has become a tragic hero. We are left with no one on stage to put the riddle down by sacrificing himself to the Cosmic Order. Hence the Cosmic Order never appears. The riddle remains in the air, exactly as in Beckett: If good and evil balance the wheel of fire, what then? The question is grotesque, but it is a real question, for it contains no hint of its own answer. Before it man is naked, a forked animal. All Shakespeare tells us is that we should "speak what we feel, not what we ought to say."

I would like Peter Brook's production better if it did not attempt to tell us what to feel. But I like it immensely anyway because it shows that the irony of this most ironic of Shakespeare's plays is of a type intrinsically theatrical. It *plays* because Shakespeare is playing with us a deadly game.

Someone please invite the players to New York.

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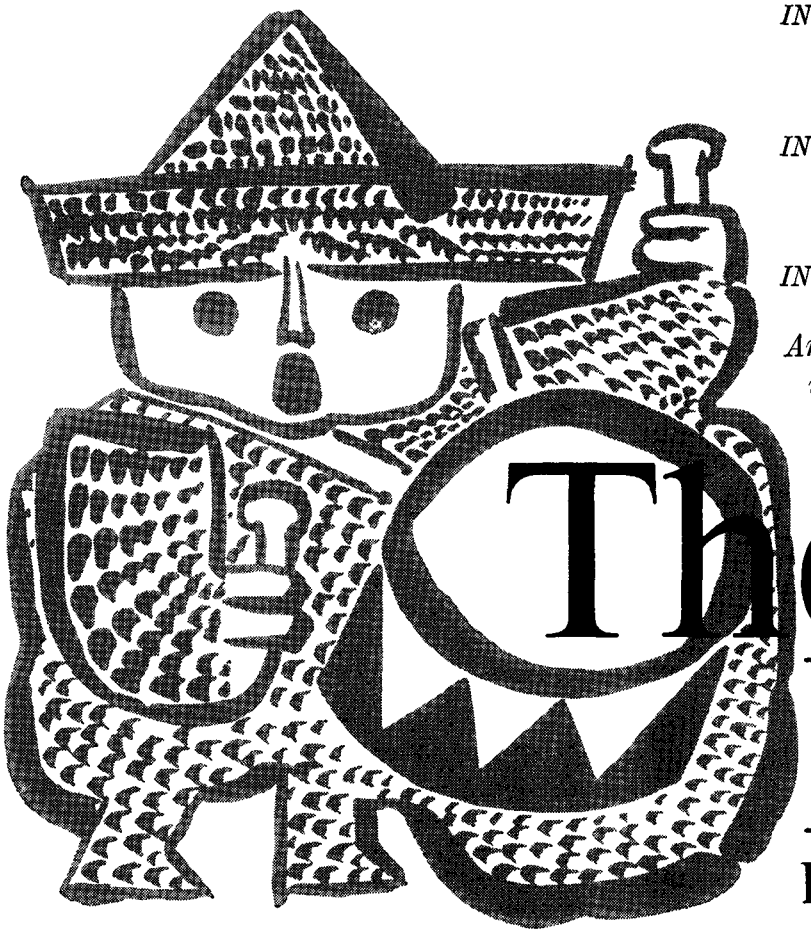

The Tin Drum

BY GÜNTER GRASS

EVERYTHING about THE TIN DRUM is extraordinary: its diabolic humor, its intensity, its fantastic story—and the critical fervor and success that have greeted its publication on the Continent and in England.

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Show magazine featured an excerpt from the book in its January issue. *Time* magazine, in a special advance article, has hailed Günter Grass as "probably the most inventive talent to be heard from anywhere since the war."

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BOOKS

A Book for One Reader

AUSTIN RANNEY

THE DEADLOCK OF DEMOCRACY, by James MacGregor Burns. *Prentice-Hall. $5.95.*

James MacGregor Burns has fashioned three noteworthy careers. As a historian he has written a prize-winning account of Franklin Roosevelt's political leadership, and his political profile of Kennedy is the best campaign biography ever published. As an analyst he is the co-author of the most popular postwar college textbook in American government and has kept the New York *Times* Sunday Magazine well supplied with commentaries on the nation's political institutions and attitudes. As a liberal reformer he has worked long and hard in the ADA and the Massachusetts Democratic Party, and even run for Congress in an immutably Republican district.

In his new book, the reformer has summoned the historian and the analyst to help him argue the case that we must make over our political parties into two cohesive and disciplined teams supporting the President and a leader of the loyal opposition. To this end he proposes three Constitutional amendments and six lesser reforms. But after outlining them he confesses: "I list these proposals in a mixed spirit of conviction and skepticism. Conviction, because I am sure we must adopt them for a more orderly, relevant, and effective politics. Skepticism, because I am well aware that I am only the latest in a long line of Americans, celebrated and obscure, who have urged changes to achieve that kind of politics."

Burns's celebrated predecessors in what may be called the "responsible party government" school include some of the greatest names in American political science: Woodrow Wilson, A. Lawrence Lowell, Frank J. Goodnow, and E. E. Schattschneider. For more than eighty years now, one after another has argued that only this kind of party reform can give us the effective and responsible government we should have. Yet despite so sustained a campaign by such eminent propagandists, Burns recognizes, "Aside from a little fixing and patching, the results have been small. Why?"

Burns answers: mainly because the American people, in their confidence that all is well and their distrust of institutional gimmickry, "have failed to comprehend the legitimacy and possibilities" of nationally centralized and disciplined parties. The case, then, must be argued more effectively than in the past. And Burns has a two-phased plan for doing just that.

HIS FIRST LINE of strategy is evidently based upon the conviction that his predecessors chose the wrong foundation for their brief. Explicitly or tacitly, they all based their pleas for reform upon a model of responsible parties derived from their idealization of British practices. Yet somehow they have never been able to convince their audiences that this model is legitimate for American conditions. To overcome this resistance, Burns the reformer turns over half his book to Burns the historian. The latter's assignment is twofold: to demonstrate that the whole idea was really invented by Thomas Jefferson in the course of organizing and ruling through his Republican Party; and that American political history is best seen as a struggle between this "Jeffersonian model" and its great rival, the "Madisonian model" of government by bargaining and consensus among a welter of special-interest groups.

The assignment makes good forensic sense, but historian Burns, perhaps because he is not especially comfortable in his role as advocate's assistant, does not do very well with it. He offers many general assertions to the effect that Jefferson forged his party into a powerful instrument for forcing his program through Con-

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gress and keeping the state and local Republican organizations in line. His evidence, however, is sparse, and what there is does not invariably support his assertions. For example, if Burns is right, the roll-call votes of the time should show that Republicans in Congress were substantially more united than either party in Congress today. Do they? Burns doesn't say. How much factional opposition in Congress and the states did Jefferson face, and how did he deal with it? Aside from a brief reference to the "purging" of John Randolph, Burns says nothing specific. He does comment admiringly and at some length on Jefferson's stroke in the Louisiana Purchase, but that, of course, was an act of executive prerogative, not of party leadership.

One of the most curious aspects of historian Burns's contribution is his silence on the heyday of party centralization and cohesion in the era of President McKinley and "Czar" Thomas B. Reed. Given reformer Burns's convictions, we might expect historian Burns to tell us a lot about party cohesion in this period, the leaders who made it possible, and the benefits it brought the nation. Instead, we hear only about the election of 1896, and nothing about responsible party government under McKinley. One might expect that an advocate of party discipline would admire Speaker Reed, whose leadership came nearer to bringing it off than Jefferson's ever did; but Burns makes only two passing references to Reed's "masterful demonstration of personal authority" and "absolutist rule"—the kind of remarks that devotees of the "Madisonian model" have made about Reed all along.

Thus historian Burns's effort falls far short of proving that reformer Burns's vision of the Heavenly Party was once made real by Thomas Jefferson. Nor does he demonstrate—or really even try to demonstrate—that the nation has prospered when following the "Jeffersonian model" and lagged when following its "Madisonian" competitor. Most admirers of historian Burns will, like myself, feel relieved when, after page 203, he is discharged from his uncongenial assignment.

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Burns's case is assigned to analyst Burns, whose mission is to show that our vaunted "two-party system" is merely a façade masking what is in fact a *four*-party system consisting of Presidential and Congressional Republicans and Presidential and Congressional Democrats. Now this is a fresh and even useful descriptive device so long as it is not put to any heavy analytical duty, but Burns gives it more than it can handle. He opens his argument by declaring that what is usually called our two-party system is an illusion because "the Democrats" and "the Republicans" are not really parties at all. Neither, that is to say, closes ranks in Congress, neither mobilizes its state and local subdivisions behind its national platform, and neither follows a national leader. So the formal labels, he argues, do not denote meaningful political actors.

There is something in what he says, of course, and the reader expects to be shown next how the components of the four-party system are *real* parties—united in Congress, truly national in scope, and mustered behind national leaders. That showing never comes. After each Presidential election, Burns tells us, the winning "Presidential party" rallies behind its President as a party should, but the losing "Presidential party" simply disintegrates into an agglomeration of isolated individuals and does not reappear until the national convention four years later. The opposition "Congressional party" unites to oppose the President's program, although not all of the party's members in Congress are members of the "Congressional party"! The "Congressional party" sharing the same label as the President is in a rather "fuzzy" position: it supports the President more than the opposition does, but still not as much as it should.

WHAT, THEN, does the "four-party system" amount to? It seems that we have four real parties during a Presidential campaign—but they are paired off two against two. Between Presidential elections we have only three parties—or is it two and a half? An officeholder acquires membership in a particular party not because he holds a seat in Congress or an executive post, but according

CHILDREN

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What goes on in the minds of children? What do they think about racism? About sex? Why do they use strange-sounding words? Are they too closely supervised? These and other questions — some serious, some laughable, some downright frightening — are answered authoritatively for you in the March Atlantic by **Dr. Robert Coles, Jim Brosnan, Walt Kelly, Susanne Rudolph, Evelyn Goodenough Pitcher, Graham B. Blaine, Jr., Sidney Peterson, Alastair Reid, Martha Bacon, Ogden Nash.**

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THE REPORTER Acrostickler® No. 74

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the acrostician.

A. 6 133 123 50 137 28 89 115 156 "____? Then fall Caesar." (2,2,5). Shakespeare, "Julius Caesar."

B. 14 184 117 30 To alter by modification or embellishments without changing the basic character.

C. 186 32 26 188 109 178 190 67 48 73 Famous race track, site of the annual Derby. (5,5).

D. 222 42 131 218 The part an actor performs.

E. 162 46 214 22 170 206 A character in Meredith's "Rhoda Fleming" who calls himself Robert Armstrong early in the story.

F. 210 153 40 2 99 164 A chief interest of the Acrostician (3,3).

G. 129 70 121 81 "No Italian priest Shall tithe or_____in our dominions." Shakespeare, "King John."

H. 192 64 95 180 12 200 Trojan.

I. 105 198 20 4 107 151 125 A tissue set into a body by grafting.

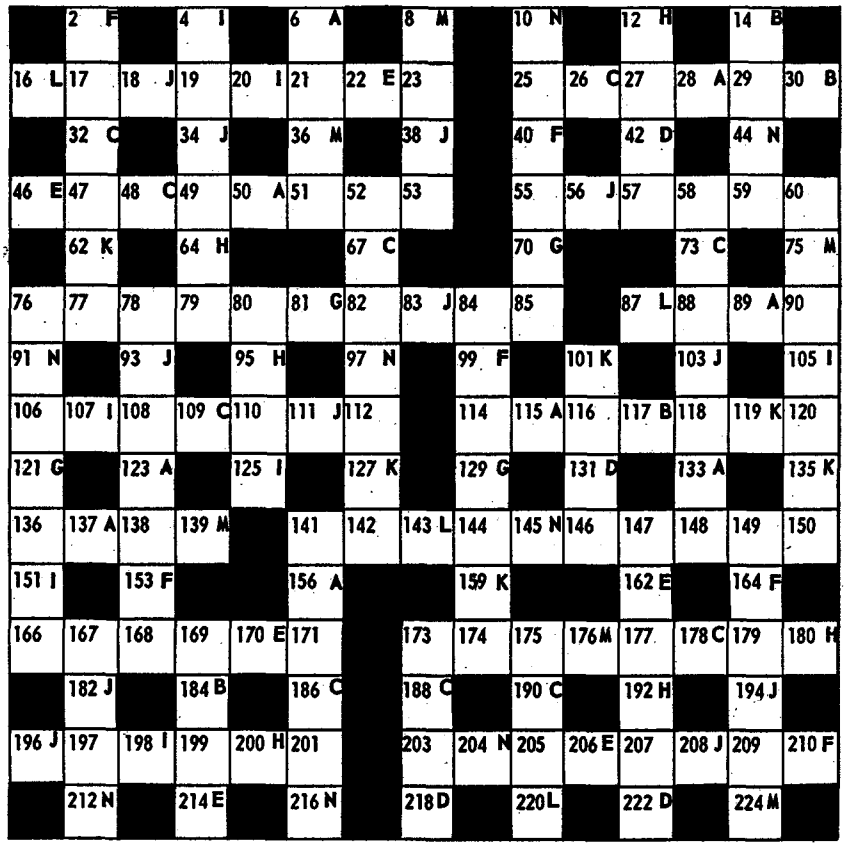
J. 111 38 194 182 103 196 93 34 208 56 83 18 A river flowing into Chesapeake Bay.

K. 101 119 127 62 135 159 A social force causing evolutionary development into higher forms of civilization.

L. 87 16 143 220 "Who never____the truth to serve the hour, Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power." Tennyson, "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington."

M. 75 139 224 176 36 8 Wit, sprightliness, lively intelligence.

N. 97 204 145 10 91 212 44 216 "Sure the poet ... spewed up a good lump of clotted _____at once." Dryden, "On Settle."



Across

16. Plant galls the hero of "Ruddigore."
25. How can a strayer wander?
46. Leads and conveys as well.
55. Take 12 down to consider. By its fruit, you shall know it.
76. With 147 down, a position of the Acrostician.
87. Dust a building member.
106. A mare gets tossed about Noah's vessel and needs identification.
114. A footrest to disturb, I hear.
136. I twice find the Egyptian heron.
141. If you find a seller's net, it's without mercy.
166. Dull, for example, and deceived too.
173. One who has finished college, in deed, but he's corrupted.
196. Oh, my, in grits!
203. A high-living fool or an insecure fastener (5,3).

Down

2. A hooded garment for an American writer.
4. It's not dual. An open carriage, or shut, perhaps.
6. A poem of demirep Icarians.
8. Beverages that heckle?
10. Next? No, the bellringer is next.
12. Particle of a male cat?
14. Huge part of Geneva statuary.
52. What a star does when marked by an ink welt.
58. A poet holds a beginning for a goddess.
60. A blind man of confused relations.
76. Let Lee grin over one of the subjects taught in the school of the sea.
78. The golf ideal shall, I hear, be incomplete.
80. The Tarbaby consumes a troublesome child and is upset.
84. Sauterne loses a point and becomes harsh to the taste.
101. 52 down loses a wen and becomes a short skirt.
141. This drink may well produce this (3-3).
147. See 76 across.
149. The puppet drops a pea, but gets a promotion, anyway (4-2).
167. The end of 10 and the end of 114 make one up, almost.
169. Vanilla ice cream consumed by the non-clerical.
173. Grief over the distribution.
175. Of quality that often goes with grief.

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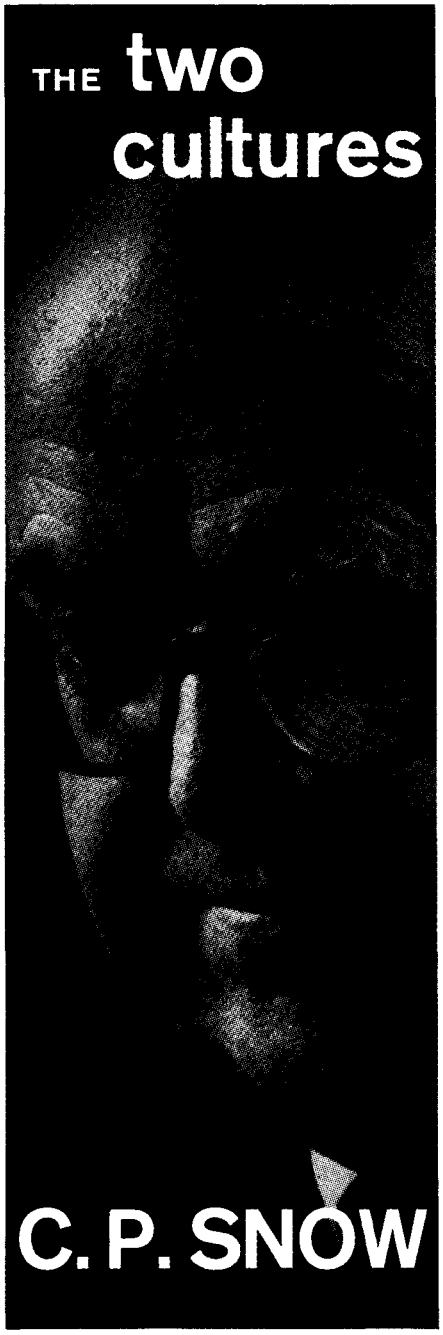

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to the degree of support he gives the President's legislative program. We are entitled to doubt, I think, that these four protean and elusive shapes have even as good a claim to be called parties as the aggregations that now bear the labels.

Analyst Burns seems to be so absorbed in ringing the changes on this descriptive twist that he largely neglects what would seem to be his main task: convincing us that clinging to our traditional preference for uncohesive, decentralized parties will bring us to disaster. For only if most of us come to believe this are we likely to undertake the effort and assume the risks that razing and rebuilding our party system would surely involve. But Burns devotes only a few paragraphs to this crucial part of his case. His argument seems to be that only if we centralize our parties behind Presidential leadership will Mr. Kennedy's program and all the reforms waiting in the wings become law. Even if all liberal Democrats accepted this argument, and some of us don't, it would hardly compel the many opponents of the Kennedy program to enlist in a crusade for disciplined parties.

This point is so critical for reformer Burns's case and so lightly touched on by analyst Burns that one wonders, indeed, whether the book is addressed solely or even mainly to the general public. Note, for example, that Burns wants the "Presidential parties" to absorb and dominate the "Congressional parties," not vice versa; but under the classical responsible-parties doctrine, the other way around would be equally acceptable so long as cohesive parties were the result. Note, too, his declaration that we will get the desired reforms only if a President campaigns for them all-out. And consider his eloquent peroration, which sets forth his estimate of what such a campaign would demand from a President and his conviction that a President "who staked his political hopes and reputation on a major advance in democratic government . . . who inscribed his ideals of democratic government on the statute books of his country—such a man would have written for himself an imperishable profile in courage."

The last phrase arouses the strong suspicion that Burns has addressed his book mainly to one particular reader—an old friend and former colleague in Massachusetts Democratic politics. If *that* reader is convinced and acts accordingly, Burns will certainly have won a response incomparably more effective than that of all his illustrious predecessors' combined.

Some critics have found much to praise in this book. Others, like myself, have found the reformer's use of the distinguished historian and the insightful analyst inappropriate and the results unconvincing. We do not yet know the verdict of the critic who matters most.

Half Man, Half Beast

GEORGE STEINER

THE CENTAUR, by John Updike. *Alfred A. Knopf. $4.*

The point to be made about John Updike is tiresomely obvious. The disturbing fact is that one should want to keep making it with each successive book, and with sharpening emphasis. It is, of course, the gap between formal, technical virtuosity and the interest or originality of what is being said.

It is both fashionable and logically cogent to deny the hoary distinction between form and content, to proclaim that they are indivisible. But that is exactly the point: they are indivisible only where we are dealing with literature in the most serious, fully realized sense; only where the writer's medium strikes us as inevitable because it is controlled, from within, by pressure of adequate vision. Where such a vision is in default, form and content can and will drift apart. Style, the manipulation of image or verbal sound, will make its independent claims. Instead of necessary, governed form, we get preciousness and firework performance.

Mr. Updike possesses not only a formidable gift of language but a worried alertness to his own problem. *The Centaur* plainly bears the mark of that alertness. What Mr.

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Updike had achieved previously was confined, by modest scruple or perhaps unconscious opportunism, to the *New Yorker* notion of literature. It dealt, in a medium of burnished sophistication, with the sentiments, illusions, and ritualized disasters of suburbia. After *The Poorhouse Fair* (still Updike's finest work), a nervous, glittering routine seemed to dominate. *Rabbit, Run* is enacted in the landscape of innumerable *New Yorker* short stories, amid conflicts typical of the Marquand-O'Hara range, but without the raw humanity of *Appointment in Samarra*.

The Centaur is a self-conscious, explicit attempt at greater scope. It takes new risks, and on that score alone deserves respect. On Mr. Updike's ability to grow ride some of the best hopes of present American fiction.

The book belongs to a genre that crops up in the Renaissance but whose place in English fiction has always been marginal and somewhat embarrassed: it is an allegorical novel. Elsewhere the form has had more luck (it is no accident that one of the key passages in *The Centaur,* the lecture on cosmology, should be closely reminiscent of a similar episode in Thomas Mann's *Felix Krull*). The narrative of *The Centaur* moves on two planes: one is the Greek myth of Chiron, the wounded centaur, sacrificing his vexed immortality for the sake of Prometheus; the other is the story of three winter days in the life of George W. Caldwell, general science teacher at Olinger (*Oh-linger*) High School near Alton, Pennsylvania. Time, 1947.

IN THE opening chapter, the allegory is literal. Chiron actually drags his agonized, arrow-trailing hoof down the high-school corridor and meets Venus, incandescently naked, in the girls' locker room. As the novel proceeds, the two levels of invention separate; Caldwell's passion is acted out in the everyday realistic world of small-town Pennsylvania; occasional mythological sections are inserted as interlude or counterpoint. The myth of Chiron is retold, as if Updike was merely expanding and padding out Bulfinch or Josephine Preston Peabody's *Old Greek Folk Stories Told Anew*. In the final pages, Caldwell is again Chiron pure and simple. The realistic substance is meant to flow, by imperceptible affinity, into the larger, mythological shadow.

But it doesn't. The allegoric scaffold obtrudes with arty deliberation. Written in a cadence of hushed, faintly Victorian solemnity (" 'Milady Venus.' He bowed his splendid head. 'Your beauty for the moment ravished me into forgetfulness of my fraternity' "), the Chiron chapters accumulate to an ornate backdrop. They do not enforce their relevance on the action.

This is where Updike's sources are important. Reading *Rabbit, Run* and *Pigeon Feathers,* one noted the strong presence of Joyce and Nabokov. Without *Ulysses* and *Lolita, The Centaur* would most probably not have been written (though it is perhaps pure coincidence, *The Centaur* has a weighty index like *Pale Fire*). But in Joyce, the Homeric myth is cunningly woven into the fabric of realism; it acts from inside as a central impulse of shape and wit. In *Lolita,* the allegoric overtones are only hinted at in an elaborate play of mask and verbal jest; their role is that of ironic or subversive commentary on the fable. In *The Centaur,* the welding is absent or brittle. The tags out of the dictionary of mythology and the Greek quotation at the end merely accentuate a sense of bogus pomp.

What remains, and in fact fills most of the book, is an exquisitely wrought but not very interesting tale of small-town pathos. Yet another Willy Loman gutters to a feverish, defeated light under the probing and compassionate gaze of his son. Once more, the routine suburban disasters of blizzard, seedy hotel, and a broken-down car stand as emblems of a more essential failure. The basketball game in the high-school gym whirls before us like a Hopi dance while, on the school stairs, young love fumbles toward "silk and a faint dampness and a curve." And at once Mr. Updike, with a dolorous precision, seems to set an epitaph on the sum of suburban hopes: "where her legs meet there is nothing." Exactly.

The nagging void is filled, however, with a glory of words. No one

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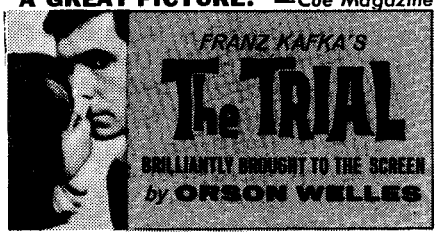

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now writing can make of language a more docile acrobat. Mr. Updike can turn a grease pit into the mouth of Avernus:

> The floor of the grotto was waxed black by oil drippings. At the far side of the long workbench, two shapeless men in goggles caressed a great downward-drooping fan of flame broken into dry drops. . . . His eyes adjusting to the gloom, Caldwell saw heaped about him overturned fragments of automobiles, fragile and phantasmal, fenders like corpses of turtles, engines like bristling disembodied hearts. Hisses and angry thumps lived in the mottled air.

Or take the miracle of observed feeling as Caldwell has a tooth out (castration of centaurs):

> The tree becomes ideally dense; its branches and blooms compound into one silver plume, cone, column of pain, a column whose height towers heavenward from a base in which Caldwell's skull is embedded. It is pure shrill silver with not a breath, not a jot, speck, fleck of alloy in it.

The brilliant coil of words—breath, jot, speck, fleck—has its part of echo. But in Gerard Manley Hopkins the words ache at us with the need and power of new meaning. Here the exercise is its own dazzling end. For all his marvelous talent and energy, Mr. Updike has not yet escaped the prevailing triviality of subject and attitude. To matter, a book must have behind it a nearly intolerable pressure of need; it should not only *be* but *have to be*.

Drums Along The Vistula

FRED GRUNFELD

THE TIN DRUM, by Günter Grass. Translated from the German by Ralph Manheim. *Pantheon. $6.95.*

Oskar Matzerath, the cunning little tyke who struts and frets his way through Günter Grass's brilliant and hilarious first novel, has an overwhelming passion for rapping out rhythms on the sort of red-and-white enameled tin drum that used to be a

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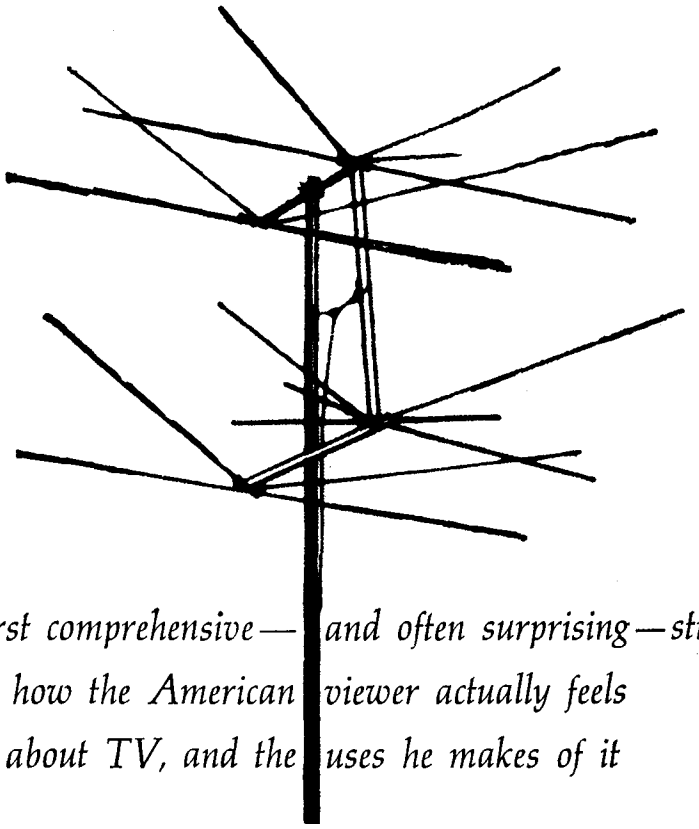
standard item in German toyshops. Oskar, like Grass himself, is a native of Danzig and claims to be "one of those clairaudient infants whose mental development is completed at birth and after that merely needs a certain amount of filling in."

On his third birthday, Oskar stages a convenient accident so that he can stop growing altogether, whack tin drums till the covers split, and remain free of all responsibilities, foreign or domestic. From the mid-1920's until the pivotal year 1945, he continues to pass for a three-year-old, "towered over by grownups but superior to all grownups, who refused to measure his shadow with theirs, who was complete both inside and outside, while they, to the very brink of the grave, were condemned to worry their heads about 'development.'" His size gives Oskar carte blanche in almost everything, and he looks with contempt on "normal" people.

Grass makes his stunted brain child the toughest three-year-old in the annals of literature and endows him with even more precocious talents than Salinger's children. Oskar discovers that his high-pitched shrieks will effectively cut glass—not just wineglasses in the cupboard but also light bulbs, street lamps, the windows of public buildings, and the showcases of jewelry shops. His drumbeats can mesmerize crowds and send his parents into a sexual trance. When Danzig's Nazis begin demonstrating in the streets, Oskar breaks up the marching formations by drumming in waltz time under the reviewing stand.

Oskar's befuddled father runs a grocery store and, to gain a little status, becomes a storm trooper in his spare time. But Oskar prefers to believe that his real father is his mother's cousin and lover, Jan Bronski—a Kashubian from that scorched Baltic region where the Slavs and Germans form an ill-sewn ethnic seam. Bronski, sensitive and an ardent coward, is killed while defending the Polish post office building against the onrushing Germans in the very first hours of the war. Naughty Oskar, who had brought him there, escapes.

Like so many gifted children—I suspect Grass may be writing from personal experience—Oskar is death



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on his immediate family. He wears his mother's nerves to tatters and drums her into an early grave. The elder Matzerath's turn comes later: he dies choking on his Nazi party pin which Oskar, with an uncanny sense of timing, has handed to him just as the Red Army arrives.

By way of postwar readjustment, Oskar flees to West Germany and lets himself grow a few centimeters—just enough to develop into a small hunchback. He learns tombstone carving (thus retracing the footsteps of Grass, who is a sculptor and painter as well as a former stonecutter), takes to modeling professionally in the nude, and finally turns night-club musician. Though he rides the crest of the *Wirtschaftswunder* as a stage celebrity, a sort of Liberace of the drums, he winds up in a mental hospital, charged with a murder he did not commit.

WHEN this sprawling, bad-mannered novel first appeared in Germany three years ago, Grass instantly became the hero and spokesman for West Germany's dissident, anti-Adenauer intellectuals. It was a best-seller and became a bone of contention, discussed and debated wherever books are read in the Federal Republic—even today you can still start an argument by bringing up the symbolism of Oskar Matzerath. The question remains: at whom is Grass pointing his skittish, ink-stained finger? Obviously there is a vast parable in these six hundred pages of grotesquery, but I, for one, would not like the job of supplying a point-for-point interpretation of Grass's symbols. The dust jacket (which bears Grass's own illustration) claims that "Grass implies we are all moral humpbacks." In *Commentary* recently, the author Elie Wiesel wrote that by inventing "a dwarf who refuses to grow, or talk, or escape his condition," Grass actually "judges his contemporaries, who may criticize the Adenauer regime but think it political whimsy to bother about what went before." Yet if anything, Oskar personifies a charming spirit of laissez-faire, and his waltzing contempt for authority is the very antithesis of the goose-step. On the other hand, Oskar admits that "It would never occur to me to set myself up as a resistance

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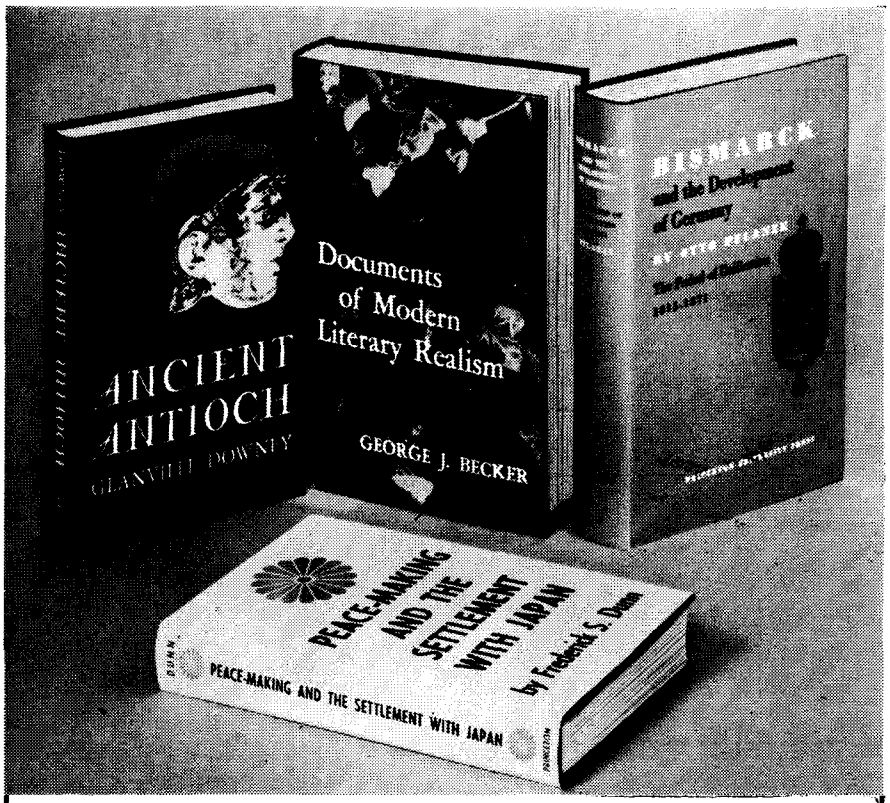
fighter because I disrupted six or seven rallies and threw three or four parades out of step with my drumming." Grass has left it to his readers to decide whether he accuses them of being midgets or whether his message is that only dwarfs and children can survive the evils of this world.

WHAT REALLY MATTERS, in the last analysis, is that Grass has created something more lasting than a political satire like *Animal Farm;* he has written a fully rounded portrait of the artist as a young dwarf, a genuine fantasy figure in the best tradition of some notable German folk heroes—the Pied Piper of Hamelin, Till Eulenspiegel, the prankster who taught asses how to read, the youngest sons in Grimm's *Household Tales;* perhaps also Parsifal, the perfect fool. His American publishers claim for Grass a direct literary descent from Goethe and Thomas Mann (perhaps because these are the only two Germans we are supposed to know anything about), but that is a terrible albatross to hang around a writer's neck—especially as Oskar states definitely that "Goethe's Olympian calm gives me the creeps."

I feel that Grass belongs to that less ponderous, more readable school of German authors who write as elegantly as Frenchmen, wielding the language like an epée instead of a cavalry saber—Heine, Rieke, and Brecht, for example. The lilt and leer of Grass's German are hard to preserve in translation, but Ralph Manheim has succeeded in conveying a major share of his innuendo. With his intense outburts of speech, his absurd scenes, and macabre characters, Grass harks back to that superb and, except for Kafka, still forgotten group of expressionist writers who accounted for the flowering of German literature during the 1920's and early 1930's—among them Alfred Döblin, Else Lasker-Schüler, Hans Henny Jahnn, and Ernst Barlach, another poet-sculptor. They were snuffed out by the Nazis, but now, after a postwar period of rather second-rate realism, Grass's wild fancy picks up where they left off. *The Tin Drum* is a work of art and power, and thus a liberating event for the new German literature.



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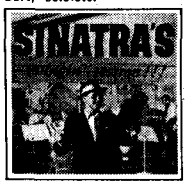

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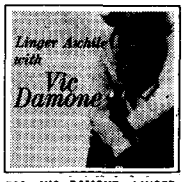

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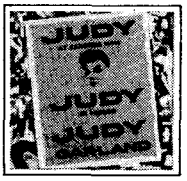

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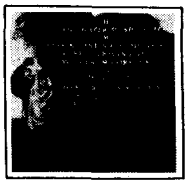

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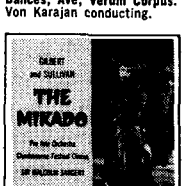

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Angel

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Dept. 2130, Scranton 5, Pennsylvania

Capitol REG U S PAT OFF

Please send me these 5 Albums and bill me only $1.00 plus a small shipping charge.

WRITE NUMBERS IN BOXES [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]

Enroll me in the following division—however, I may select records from any division I wish. ☐ **Angel-Capitol Classics** ☐ **Popular Best Sellers**

I agree to purchase 6 selections from the several hundred available Angel and Capitol albums to be offered during the next 12 months, at the Club price, plus a small shipping charge. *Thereafter, if I decide to continue membership, I will receive a 12" Bonus Album of my choice FREE for every 2 records I buy.*

☐ **STEREO.** Check here if you own a Stereo phonograph and want all your records in STEREO. You will be billed $2.00 with your stereo membership. The Club sells stereo records for $1.00 more than monaural.

MR.
MRS.
MISS (Please Print)

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

CANADA: Slightly higher prices: 41 Bertal Road, Toronto 15, Ontario. R-3

HOW THE CLUB OPERATES

If collecting and listening to records is an important part of your life, the Angel Division of the Capitol Record Club can be of real service to you. For this Club offers you the best of *two* worlds of musical entertainment—through just one money-saving membership.

You can enjoy, for example, the world of Great Music: the genius of Herbert von Karajan . . . the virtuosity of Yehudi Menuhin...the guitar artistry of Laurindo Almeida. PLUS the world of magical entertainers like Edith Piaf and Frank Sinatra, all made available to you from the Club's incomparable international catalog, which includes Columbia Gramophone (of England), Pathé Marconi (of France), Capitol Records and E. M. I.'s historic H M V Label.

If you join now, we will send you any 5 albums on this page with a bill for only $1.00, plus a small shipping charge. Thereafter, your only obligation is to purchase six albums from the several hundred available Angel and Capitol albums to be offered to you during the next twelve months, at the price of $3.98 or $4.98 (occasionally $5.98), plus a small shipping charge. You pay for your albums after you receive them.

FREE BONUS ALBUMS: After you've purchased *these 6 albums, you then choose a 12" FREE Bonus* Album of *your* choice for every two records you buy from the Club. Here's a wonderful way to build a superb record library! Mail coupon to: the Angel Division, Capitol Record Club, Dept. 2130, Scranton 5, Pennsylvania.

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What's a liberal?

"A liberal is a man who cultivates the skills that make freedom operational. He is always a man on special assignment."

This is how Max Ascoli, The Reporter's Editor and Publisher, defines a liberal. And his definition of a liberal magazine follows logically from it:

"The Reporter's liberalism is based on the belief that liberty, far from being an ethereal thing, is always identified with and related to specific and present situations.

"Because of its devotion to freedom, The Reporter, too, is always on special assignment."

In carrying out its special assignment, in reporting the specific and present situations you need to know about, The Reporter has already won 22 major journalism awards. These honors were given to The Reporter for:

- **Best foreign reporting**
- **Courageous domestic coverage**
- **Perceptive political writing**
- **Penetrating criticism of the arts**

In the best tradition of liberalism, The Reporter avoids the automatic response, the doctrinaire formula. It examines each issue as it arises and on a firm basis of fact, reaches individual conclusions.

The Reporter's independent approach . . . its determination to get to the bottom of things . . . its concentration on the consequential in every field from politics to poetry . . . have convinced 170,000 of the best-informed men and women in America that The Reporter is the magazine they've been looking for.

Some of your friends would undoubtedly feel the same way if they knew The Reporter—so why not surprise them with a subscription? With our special introductory half-price offer, you can give them

24 ISSUES (A FULL YEAR) FOR ONLY $3.50

If you aren't already receiving The Reporter, you can start your own subscription, too, at this special half-price rate. And you may charge your subscription if you like — we'll be glad to bill you later.

We'll send you or your friends The Reporter as soon as we receive your order — so to take advantage of this special half-price trial offer, *for new subscribers only*, mail the reply card right now.

Regular rates: 1 year $7; 2 years $11; 3 years $14. (Add $1 per year for foreign postage, $.50 per year for Canada and Pan American Union.)

THE REPORTER *660 Madison Avenue, New York 21, New York*

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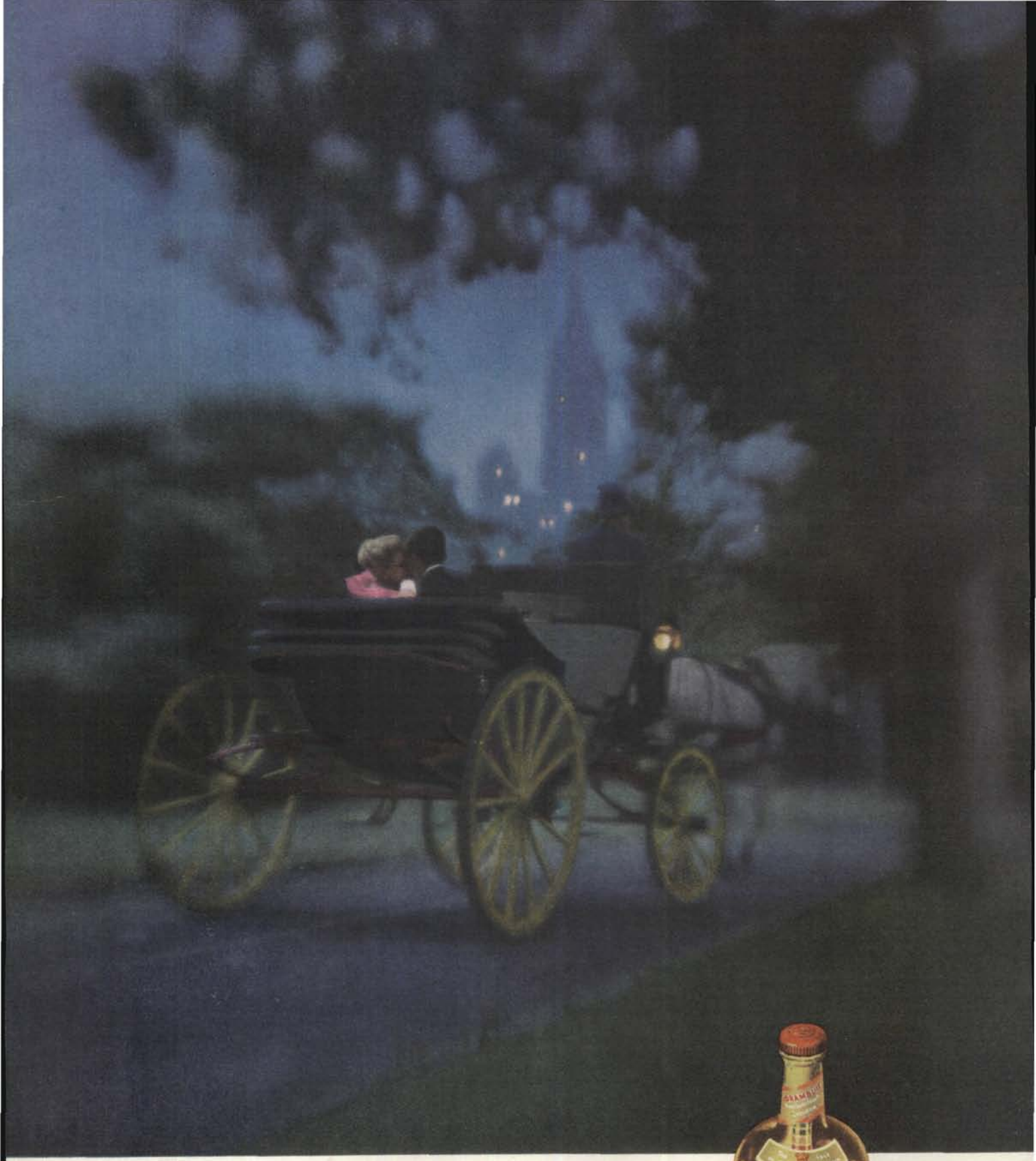

Evenings that memories are made of—
so often include Drambuie

80 PROOF

After dinner, have a dram of Drambuie,
the cordial with the Scotch whisky base.

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